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CINCINNATI, MAY 24, 1890

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PLATO.
BY COL. ROBERT RICHARDSON.
NUMBER III.

Apology is asked of the reader for a digression from the subject, which is a life history, its comparative value and its influences, but not from the design of this article. The conclusion of the last number embodied a query—"What is that philosophy?"—thereby meaning of course the Platonic system of philosophy, as developed by its author, and elaborated, but not infrequently perverted, by his followers. In order to understand its content it is necessary that we should consider briefly, (for space precludes elaboration), the essential characteristics of the systems which existed before it. But, in attempting such succinct resume, it is impossible to comprehend all, or the first beginnings of any of those systems. Conjecture must indicate what, and how much, of the world's metaphysics preceded Plato. Arts, and to no inconsiderable extent sciences, began before records. Philosophy is a purely speculative science, coeval with humanity, and essentially one where the rational scientist is his own pupil, and must needs be, to a great extent his own mentor.

This characteristic of the great science is the one which the most clearly and most eminently defines and distinguishes it. We may add that it is the one which most strikingly portrays the grandeur and littleness, the inextricably blended infallibility and error, of that being created a little lower than the angels, and called the rational animal man. An intelligent savage, without book or manuscript, or a newly created intelligence of the genus homo, would be, without light save that shed upon him by the author of his being, in popular parlance a pretty good philosopher on his own hook. Indeed the philosophical temperament and genius, as has been often observed of the poetical, may be not infrequently crippled rather than strengthened by too much so-called learning. The author of the Leviathan, Thomas Hobbes, openly boasted that had he read less he would have been less ignorant. But let it be specially noted he was speaking thus of metaphysics; and his self-conceited remark, (the deep meaning of which he was himself perhaps not fully aware) went to the very foundation of the difference between metaphysics and the physical sciences. Let us test its depth even though it be but for a moment. Could Mr. Hobbes ever have rationally

affirmed that the less he had read in books on telegraphing, or bridge-building, or chemistry, the less would have been his ignorance of those subjects? Is it at all likely he would have asserted he was an expert type-setter without book, or guide, or master? Verily, Mr. Malmesbury philosopher, you would have been a builder building wiser than you knew, had each and all of your many metaphysical chapters forthshadowed as much as that sentence did. Again, and on this suggestive point, we may note that Descartes began his celebrated metaphysical system by sponging out all that was metaphysical which had ever been written before. Would he have commenced house building, (we have here no reference to aerial houses and transcendental castles in the air), by first sponging out everything ancient and modern, in the way of book, design or model, from Vitruvius down to Bramante and Michael Angelo? We think not. And herein is the true secret and revealing inwardness of what has been often said, sometimes conceitedly and flippantly said, by men who make a boast of their own ignorance of all pre-existing philosophy. This mother and mistress of all the sciences is, in its very nature and essence, dissimilar from them all.

Mathematics, which deals in conceptions applied to intuition, resembles purely speculative science inasmuch as it can be, to some extent at least, cultivated without monitor or tutor. It is narrated of the celebrated Pascal that, when a mere youth, and without ever having heard of Euclid, he discovered many of the theorems and demonstrations of geometry. If this whole science were swept away into oblivion it would doubtless ultimately be regained. And the great and comprehensive science of logic, more cognate to philosophy than mathematics, and often more unascertained and incomprehensible, for its very definition is as yet unknown, is one in which the veriest tyro is sometimes acuter than the oldest expert. Nay, have we not frequently found men of powerful logic, natural and clear-headed reasoners, who had never looked into a book on logic? Different indeed is it when we come into the domain of the other physical sciences, and especially of art. The ancient Egyptians had a method of making copper as hard as steel. It is, and has been for many centuries, a lost art. All knowledge of it passed out of mind ages ago; and where is the mind that shall be able to rediscover it? Obliterate from existence all that we know of the telegraph, and centuries might elapse before men could communicate their thoughts to remote countries by instantaneous dispatches. Metaphysics, mathematics, and logic, if destruction was ever made of all that was ever written of all three, would stand in the order of instant restitution, because, independent of all sensation and all schooling, the soul of man has within itself those intuitions which are creative of mental and the cognate sciences.

The fundamental concepts of knowledge, in themselves nothing more nor nothing less than common sense, lie at the foundations of all knowledge. Men see without knowing by means of what agency they see, feel without knowing how they feel, and reflect without knowing why they reflect. They turn the eyes of reflection inward and contemplate self—that living, thinking, feeling, hoping, braving, enduring, then begins philosophy. The full content and demonstration of what philosophy is, will fill from title page to final, the book of knowledge of what man is. "There is no danger to a man that knows what life and death is; there is not any law Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful That he should stoop to any other law."

prone to error; yet all advances in the way of demonstration are accomplishments and will give us repeated approximations, repeated nearings to those who seek the goal of absolute and unattainable truth. But it may be rationally asked what is here meant by common sense? Vaguely, and in our view very inadequately, has it been interpreted and defined to mean the empirical wisdom of a mind, more or less acute, which discerns and judges without knowledge of science, or its values, and consequently, as must needs be inferred, without certainty of accuracy or error. It is but a lame and impotent conclusion which circumscribes common sense within metes and bounds like those. A broader definition must describe the subject or we leave it undefined. Common sense is in vital respects like common law—that rule of civil action, existing "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," for the benefit of every human being on the British Isles, and observed by all peoples wherever the English language is spoken. Nay, even our broad analogy unduly hampers and restricts it. Common sense is widespread as the human race, it is an attribute of humanity. Derived from sense perception, from mental reflection, and from those immortal endowments which are implanted by the creator, it eminently is the sense of each and every individual actor, the sense of that almost infinite number of his fellow beings, male and female, who are in the same mighty boat of life, and acting with him. That peculiar sort of common sense, which in the view of some is all of common sense, (the idea which have just been reproaching), and which gives opinions and advice, (often an annoying than beneficial), in sciences or arts whereof the adviser knows little or nothing, is in reality the slenderest and flimsiest part of it. Otherwise, if common sense be mere empiricism, then are sense perception, reflection, intuitive discernment of incontrovertible truths and the final data of our knowledge, and the deepest convictions of the soul which mankind almost with unanimity approve, all empiricism. Though our estimate of the subject may appear unduly liberal, we cannot but infer some inkling of what God is. That common sense is, in its individual manifestations, the multitudinous fragmentary, the vaguely, imperfectly, in its sum total the aggregatedly, blunderingly essentially human analytical. It began, in Greece at least, indeed the epithet common may be with Thales, the reputed (but by no fitly applied to what Lord Byron aptly means real) father of philosophy. It went into a field of very abstract and tremendously obscure analysis, examined for it is this same common sense, i. e. every consequent and individual sense of the great body of the people, thing with reference to some presup which ultimately determines every posed and final principle, in quest (very thing. Authors, artists, statesmen, so much like the hunt of those who afterwards, scientists, inventors, founders of new sects and systems, creators of the newstone) of a first cause, subsisting by it-improvers of the old, have all, sooner or later, and the effect of no other cause, and or later, to come before the body of the—lost its way. Thales maintained that people—their court of supreme jurisdiction the fundamental element of nature was tion and of final resort. The Republic; another suggested air; a third of Letters is a vast commonwealth chaotic nebulae or atoms. The Pythia with a thousand million voters. Public opinion advance of the entire line of opinion is the expression of the popular sense was in its maintenance that common sense; if not, it must needs number was the essence of all things. eventually right and readjust itself, and then came, in historic and almost in there will be a newer and a better public logical order, the complete abstraction of opinion. A sensible man may some of everything material—the merger of times make a fool of himself. So may the analytic into the synthetic—the an age. The sooner and more effectual doctrines of the being, of the becoming; ally erring man and erring age reformed then the world-forming intelligence and retrieve themselves, both in matter by the side of matter, the theistic of ters physical and metaphysical, the but ancient date stoutly controverted better. An extravagant and erring philosophy by the atheistic—vague glimpses at losophy which arrogates to itself superlative eternal truth, the cloud and sunshine eminence over all pre-existing ones of the philosophic orient, the reasoning which lives for its day and cunningly of mighty but finite heathen minds. All beguiles the time, is not the least amongst this philosophy was pre-Socratic and pre Platonic. It developed, or, at least, We have endeavored to indicate how overshadowed the ideal principle, but old and far backward reaching must be utterly unable to grasp or comprehend a complete history of philosophy. Instead of holding fast to its phy. And yet, after more than three thousand tenets, and pursuing them to their thousand years of mightiest-minded legitimate conclusion, it endeavored to philosophizing, we are still without account for them after some mechanical competent definition of the scientific explanation. Exactly what Mr. Ages may elapse before we have one Darwin attempted to do more than for so long as the character and ascendency centuries afterwards; for the tained boundaries of sciences are in philosophy of Democritus long ante-

perfect, their definitions must partake of their imperfections. The name philosophy, as is well known, was devised by the master mind of Pythagoras, and given it in consequence of errors and assumptions which had, even thus early, perverted it. But its definition, like that of life and organization, or even logic, seems almost beyond human ken and power of analysis. Dr. Albert Schweigler, an epistomist of more than ordinary power, whose translated work has been adopted as a text book in several of our American colleges, tells us that "to philosophize is to reflect; to examine things in thought." This conception of the science, which the author himself admits is indefinite, is a disclosure of what philosophy does and not what it is. As if we were to define man, by saying that to act manly is to love one's family, cherish friends and country, and, when necessary, sacrifice self to duty. Very good counsel and advice this implicitly may be (and a hundred such homilies might be superadded) to any one directing him how, under all circumstances and vicissitudes of this transitory life, he is to act the man, but not a definition of the term man. Nor is Dr. Schweigler's concept that to philosophize is to reflect, to examine things in thought, a definition of philosophy. That memorable quotation of ancient date, "greek: sauton," said to have emanated from the presiding divinity at the Delphic oracle, was simply a recommendation to self examination and self development, without attempt at definition of the science by means of which those great results were to be obtained. Under such precepts Greek philosophy, in its earliest stages, assumed the form of concrete expression of that will and energy, understanding and wisdom, motion and virtue, fidelity in our lot and tranquil endurance amid its trials, which exist, or ought to exist, in the human mind. For every soul is, to some extent at least, a cosmos, and every life an epic. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" exclaimed patient Job fifteen centuries before the Christian era. Search yourself, in etour estimate of the subject may appear unduly liberal, we cannot but infer some inkling of what God is. The next step was a drifting into the manifestations, the multitudinous fragmentary, the vaguely, imperfectly, in its sum total the aggregatedly, blunderingly essentially human analytical. It began, in Greece at least, indeed the epithet common may be with Thales, the reputed (but by no fitly applied to what Lord Byron aptly means real) father of philosophy. It went into a field of very abstract and tremendously obscure analysis, examined for it is this same common sense, i. e. every consequent and individual sense of the great body of the people, thing with reference to some presup which ultimately determines every posed and final principle, in quest (very thing. 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dates the latter day theory of evolution. True it is that eminent men of the Eleatic school attained to some vague belief in "The unknown God"—the "One and All"—but such belief was choked in the weedy wilderness of subsequent speculation. Filly was it spoken of Hebraic wisdom that it made the word of God of none effect by its interpretations. Hellenic philosophy made God himself (or, rather, the many subjects of its idolatry) a mythos and a delusion. The Greek conception of the divine unity differed from that of even the aboriginal German or the North American Indians. Classic Greeks were behind those savages. A mighty dawn came with Socrates. He thought, and he taught all Greece to think. The empire of darkness was smitten by such familiar and colloquial, but lofty and original thinking. It must be conceded to him that he was a pioneer of great truths and a forerunner of their discovery. It is narrated of him by Plato, in the Charmides, that he divined there must be a science of the sciences, which evidently meant a comprehensive theory of human understanding. His piety, though deep and fervent, partook of the imperfections of his time. Though out to death as a reviler of the gods, he was a polytheist of the straightest sect, and did not have the temerity of disputing the proclaimed divinity of the sun, moon and planets. Fraught with all the learning of his day, he was neither author, inventor nor discoverer, adding to the glory of science by improving its domain or enlarging its bounds. His single positive method, as he himself admitted, was one of intellectual obstructions, a position rather of helping others to bring forth thoughts than to produce them himself. Plato was his pupil, and acknowledged him as his master; but that was like the modest acknowledgment of Robert Burns, who deferred to some supposed superiority of Ferguson and of Ramsay, men whose fame barely lived beyond their lives, and whose writings are forgotten, while those of Burns forever bloom as amaranths of immortality.

As the father of idealism—the uninspired founder of that impressive and awe inspiring philosophy which inculcates the truth that there is an absolutely immaterial and better half of this present life of ours, a life which is to extend far away beyond it—the subject of this article amply merits the compliments very recently paid from a distinguished writer, J. W. Lowben, Ph.D., to him and to another illustrious and kindred spirit—"Plato was the greatest of philosophers; Paul the greatest of apostles." To Plato, more than to any one who enhanced and yet adorns the learning of his country, is applicable the memorable tribute of Shelly: "Then Greece arose, and to its bards and sages, In dreams the golden-pinion'd Genie came, Even where they slept amid the night of ages. Steeping their hearts in the divinest flame, Which by breath kindled, power of holiest name!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

MARY WALLACE'S STATION.
BY J. F. CLARK.

When the apostles went forth from Jerusalem to plant the seven churches as a first step to win the world for their master, they established stations in and between the objective cities, where pilgrims might find shelter and rest and refreshment, to renew them for the toils and trials that were always so near and before them as appointed tasks. Thus was the home of Cornelius of Caesarea sanctified; and thus Simon the tanner entertained Peter in Joppa where the revelation occurred which assured the Gentiles that love of the Infinite embraced them as well as the Jews, and that all mankind was of one blood and inherited the possibilities of a common destiny. Thus these way stations became a means of establishing a wide-reaching affection which, in time, shall blossom into a conscious brotherhood of the race. In suburban Rome to-day the

catacombs of St. Callixtus bear testimony to the sacred retreats where the Christian pilgrims found protection and food and rest at times when the religious intolerance of the fashionable world proffered them only persecutions and prisons and martyrdom. In these secure retreats the early religious pilgrims exchanged greetings, held conferences and intertwined their experiences; and the angels counseled and advised and directed them, until these children of God felt these places to be holy ground, and were content to love and live and die in the hope that their bodies after death might repose side by side where they had loved and prayed, and where they might rest until their master called them to work in the fields beyond the grove.

Not less to day are teachers and pilgrims and prophets of the new dispensation of Spiritualism going up and down the land delivering their messages and repeating their experiences, as did the message bearers of former days. All these years have found man much the same in disposition and tendencies. The menagerie of his nature number the same as in the old Judean days—the savage element, the selfishness, the cruelty, are still with him, only in a lesser degree. The doves and sweet songsters have slowly increased; but man's strident-voiced repulsive nature yet cries aloud in the stillness of the night, and the torture of refined fashionable selfishness follows the brave men or woman who leave the velvet-cushioned pew and casts his or her lot with those who voice the angel world of to-day, and proclaims anew the law of love and communion and progression to higher planes where dwell the loved ones who have preceded us.

These and like thoughts came to us last night when listening to Hon. Sidney Dean, of Rhode Island. He is one of the blossoms of American institutions. Thirty five years ago he was a representative in Congress and was one of the two tellers who stood beside the old Democratic clerk, John W. Farney, the presiding officer of the House when "freedom's first victory" was proclaimed by electing Nathaniel P. Banks, of Boston, the speaker of the House. Those were stormy days in Congress, and during the same session Brooks struck down Charles Sumner in the Senate.

Since then, Sidney Dean has passed through many other stormy scenes; but last night he seemed only a tender child of God, crowned with silvery hair and pleading the cause of love and truth and the angel world which he could hardly have done so well when he pleaded only for the human slave. Mr. Dean is a lovely, ripe nature; but we may not call him old because he has been "born again" into those convictions which shall keep forever young his heart, his hopes and his loving helpful energies. He was on his way to Philadelphia as a message bearer, and tarried a day at the spiritual half-way station where all modern pilgrims are welcomed and refreshed, and started anew on their journey. Mr. Dean expected to meet only a few persons, but when Mary Wallace's friends came to greet him the beautiful parlors were more than filled. Shakespearean students, vocal and instrumental music and speeches of welcome and congratulations created an atmosphere of love and reverence which put this old time orator at his best, and he repaid their kindly demonstrations with a fervid eloquence which they shall not soon forget.

Mary E. Wallace is not unknown to your readers. For several years she has been the hospitable hostess of a "Half Way House" for spiritual pilgrims in this city. Her home and life are consecrated to Spiritualism, and not the least of her good work is the result of her happy faculty of filling her parlors with active spiritual workers from all portions of the city and welding their lives in loving sympathy by such opportunities as were afforded last evening. These lines were prompted by a desire to make known and multiply our modern New York "Half Way Houses" for spiritual pilgrims, and not to voice a stilted praise for Sidney Dean or the not less worthy hostess, who provided him a single evening with so charming a setting for his silvery crown and loving voice.

ON THE WING.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Dear Sir:—I write a good many different hands, but among all of them I have seldom been able to hit the hand that the average "intelligent compositor" could follow. I hardly ever say anything about printers' mistakes, as few notice them except the author and printer; but in my last "On the Wing" your printer made me say *ek anastasis*, and then interpret it, in the case of Jesus, to mean resurrection of the body. That is just what it does not mean, and I prefer not to slander either Jesus or the Greek testament by making it mean that. That word *ek* means out, where the Bible says Jesus was raised from the dead, the Greek is *ek anastasis*, and should be rendered out of the dead. Jesus was not raised from the dead, but out of the dead; that is, the body died and he raised out of it because it was dead.

In the Greek of Phil. III. 11, *ek anastasin ton nekron*, that is "rise out of the dead."

Please forgive this long explanation; it puts light in the place of old theological darkness.

The cause of Spiritualism in San Francisco is just now having a boom. The Society of Progressive Spiritualists employed the writer at first for four Sundays. It was evident from the first that there was to be an especial outpouring of the spirit. The audiences have grown in size and interest from the first. I have been urged to stay longer, and have finally sacrificed my return ticket to Chicago, and have promised to remain until July. The result is, Metropolitan Temple, the best audience chamber west of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, has been secured, and I am to occupy it until July, possibly longer. I am urged by all to send for my family and remain on this coast a year at least. As we have just purchased a new house in Chicago, it is quite a cross to leave it before living in it, yet it is just possible that this must be done. There is surely more work to do here than Mrs. Hull and I can both do. Already we have calls all along the coast, from Portland, Oregon, to San Diego, California, 1500 miles.

The work just now seems to be picking up everywhere. Should I return East there are many calls for work, from Wisconsin to Maine. I am urged to remain and go into a spiritual publishing house here which has five presses and over two tons of new type, but I love my newly purchased freedom so well that it does not seem that I can relinquish it just yet.

Our good Brother Fair, one of the oldest and most respected Spiritualists of San Francisco, passed away last week, after two years' excruciating suffering with a cancer, which first attacked his left hand. After the hand was amputated, the cancer went to work on the arm; finally the arm was taken off close up to the shoulder, but the cancer was determined to have its victim. It continued its work until, after the long and unequal struggle, Brother Fair surrendered.

I saw him only two days before he passed away. He was perfectly willing to go; he had some business he had rather have seen adjusted first, but he had no more fear of death than he had of entering into his own parlor. He told me he died without God and without Christ in the world. He did not say it boastfully; "But," said he, "if there is not enough in me to save myself, I am not worth saving." His funeral was held in Metropolitan Temple, and was largely attended.

Also there have been two weddings among the Spiritualists since my advent into this city, which were enjoyable. Whether the results will be as enjoyable as those of the funeral is a question the answer of which depends largely on the conduct of the parties themselves.

As I said one of these ceremonies, and it was rather unique, or at least out of the ordinary line of marriage ceremonies, I was requested to write it out for the benefit of other heterodox heretics who may wish to unite their lives with some other one who is tired of playing a lone hand.

As the wording came by the inspiration of the occasion, I cannot repeat it exactly, but the following is its substance:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The couple standing before me have, after mature deliberation, decided to henceforth sustain toward each other the relation of husband and wife; and it is by their invitation that you are here to witness the public ratification of the marriage which, we trust, has already taken place in their souls. Marriage is sanctioned in all nature, and exists in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and has for its object not only the mutual benefit and enjoyment of the parties concerned, but the perpetuity of the race.

I now ask if there is one here who has any good reason to offer why this marriage should not be here and now be ratified? If so, let them speak. No one speaks; and we will proceed.

You —, and you —, will now signify to these friends your pledges and determination toward each other, to strive in all possible ways, as you have promised each other, to be dutiful companions under all circumstances, by joining your right hands.

And now by the authority of this

license, and in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce your marriage ratified. You are, and will hereafter be recognized as husband and wife, and what love has joined together may no discord put asunder. May your blended lives be as pure as the ring the husband now puts on the wife's finger. I had, in the past, heard very much *pro et con* concerning Mrs. Fairchild, the materializing medium. I have had a *carte blanche* extended me to attend her sittings at any time I choose. I have twice availed myself of the opportunity. What shall I say of them? Well, I wish I knew what to say. They beat me. Mrs. Fairchild seems to want to be perfectly fair and honorable in all things. She permitted me to examine the cabinet and the room, and even to take my chair and go and sit against the door by the side of the cabinet. I cannot see how anybody could be smuggled into the room; yet Mrs. F. did not go into the cabinet at all. While she was walking, the room two and sometimes three forms walked out at once. The light was quite dim; I could not have recognized them if they had been my friends, as some of them professed to be. I acknowledge that I could not explain the manifestations or any other than the materialization hypothesis; yet they seemed very earthly. I could not believe they were spirits, especially the second night.

"Oh, this heart! this stubborn heart of mine!" I believe in spirit materialization—believed it long before I ever heard of it. I used to prove it by the Bible before such phenomena occurred among Spiritualists; yet I am so unfortunately organized that the more I see of these manifestations the less I believe. I never go to a seance that I do not want to be convinced.

"Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies,
Like Noah's dove I sit between
Rough seas and stormy skies."

As Mrs. Fairchild's manifestations seem straight goods, I shall avail myself of other opportunities to visit her sittings, and hope in my next to be able to say,

"I now believe without a doubt."

For the present I can be addressed 23 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal.

MOSES HULL.

Written for The Better Way.

SKETCHES OF CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

No. VI.

Mrs. Belle Ireland was born at Marshall, Clark County, Illinois, September 1st, 1850. She is a widow with one child. Her husband, Louis Ireland, died about nine years ago. She has been a resident of this city for quite a number of years, and has a large circle of acquaintances. She is a well preserved lady, 30 years of age, and was well educated at Hamilton, Ohio.

Mrs. Ireland has been a medium since childhood, but only began giving regular sittings nine years ago. She was brought up in the United Presbyterian Church and has never been formally expelled by her knowledge. She has made the trance phase the special feature of her development and is today one of the best in her line. She informs us that she has had rather a pleasant experience as a medium; with the exception of some slight attacks through the papers, she has met with little opposition and has been able to maintain herself without serious inconvenience. There are a great many prominent people who visit her at regular intervals, and some of the leading business men of the city have consulted her regularly for eight years. Her tests are given with modesty and simplicity, but are wonderfully correct and reliable. We know from experience that those who consult her are astonished at her perfect knowledge of every incident and circumstance connected with the lives of individuals.

Her tests in public are equally as good as those given in private; and it is often that strangers at public gatherings are melted to tears by remembrances recalled through this instrument of spirit communication.

Mrs. Ireland informs us that she can foretell who and when a person is coming, before the door bell rings; and she also knows beforehand when and from whom to expect letters. This peculiar feature has been noted only for the last two years, and is growing stronger and more perfect each day. She expects to make Cincinnati her home permanently, and can be found daily at her residence, No. 365 Elm street. Mrs. Ireland weighs 125 pounds, is 5½ inches in height, dark hair and eyes, and a facial expression that is the reflection of a tender, sympathetic heart. She is exceedingly impressive, taking on an influence of sadness or otherwise the moment she comes in contact with a person. Her manners are so gentle and her conversation so full of kindness and tenderness, that even a stranger has the utmost confidence in her, and feels easy and pleasant in her presence. She is a practical Spiritualist, and will "rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep." She has a disposition to extend a helping hand to those in distress, and has enough of the spiritual in her nature to constrain her not to crush, but heal, not to condemn but forgive, not to underestimate but overestimate all. She does not lose sight of the fact that mankind is an imperfect creature here, and that it is the heritage of all alike to be deficient in some respect. God bless such mediums and would to heaven there were more of them for many reasons.

No man is good unless others are made better by him.

EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SPIRITUALIST.

(In Seven Chapters.)

BY A. H. NICHOLAS.

Chapter VII.

I want to give a part of my experience in regard to spiritual manifestations, and there is so much of it I scarcely know where to begin. I could devote several chapters to this theme, but what I shall say must be crowded into this chapter. That which I have witnessed is evidence to me but to no others; and I can state the facts as testimony or matters of history for the benefit of others who may be induced to investigate Spiritualism for themselves.

Within the first year of my experience as a Spiritualist I sat alone for manifestations. I sat to a table on which was placed a planchette on a large sheet of paper. At about the fourth sitting my hand on the planchette was controlled to move in a circle, about one foot in diameter, by a strong invisible agency which I could feel as manifestly as if another person was moving my hand. But I was alone and locked in my own room. This motion was kept up for nearly an hour and several hundred revelations were made. This was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. What power or agency did that? If I had a doubt or shadow of doubt about spirit presence or spirit power, it had vanished when I arose from that sitting.

At subsequent sittings my hand with pencil was often vigorously controlled in motions across slate or paper in imitation of writing, and though the writing was not developed, I had ample proof of spirit presence in this phenomenon. Oftentimes, while sitting alone in meditation, my spirit friends have manifested their presence, have touched me so distinctly that I would look around to see who or what did it, but would see no living thing.

Often now, when alone or with others, the spirits will come and shake hands, and I can feel the pressure of the spirit hand in mine as plainly as if it were the hand of a mortal. My spirit friends have been described to me by clairvoyants with such clear tests of identity that nothing can sweep away this evidence of their real presence.

At a place in Kansas, where I spent the winter of '87 and '88, came Cora Carpenter, a medium, and her mother also, to spend the winter. Miss Carpenter was a nice little lady, fourteen years old, and a fine instrument for spirit control. She would go into control with her eyes closed (sometimes by spirit Benj. Franklin) would stand up and discourse to us in wonderful words of wisdom, beauty and power, with ease and fluency unsurpassed by any pulpit or rostrum orator; and I well remember how my "happy heart would quiver with the melody of peace" under the influence of those great speeches. She would come out of the entrancement naturally and pleasantly, and apparently unconscious of the fact that a great thing had been done.

I had private sittings with her in which her spirit control, a little boy who could scarcely talk plain, would go down to my inward being and speak of things that were not known to any other mortal, and gave me advice about my affairs; and spoke words of solace and comfort that caused the tears to flow.

In pursuit of further evidence I went to visit a medium in Kansas City. As directed, I wrote questions on slips of paper addressed to several persons in spirit life, folded and mixed them together, so that I could not tell one from another, and then called the medium in. He took his seat at the table opposite me, and requested me to take the papers, one at a time, and place them under my hand on the table. He then placed his hand on mine, and waited for an answer. His hand was withdrawn and controlled to write the answer on a slate while he might be looking in another direction or talking on some other subject. The first question answered was addressed to a young Spiritualist with whom I was intimately acquainted in mortal life many years ago.

"John Parson: What was your occupation at the time you passed to spirit life?"

Answer: "I am now preaching salvation by works, not grace or Christ, as formerly.—John Parson."

So far as I could see, the medium had no possible chance of knowing what question was written on the paper under my hand, or the nature of any of the questions.

The next question was addressed to a cousin: "Ferdinand Conde: How did you pass out of the mortal body?"

Answer: "I was shot.—Ferdinand Conde."

This man committed suicide by placing the end of a gun in his mouth and touched the trigger with the ramrod.

One message came from "Cousin Fannie" written between slates as follows: The medium handed me two slates for inspection. They were clean, new slates. He placed them together on the table without any pencil between, and we rested our hand on them for awhile. We then held the slates in our hands above the table, and at last

the medium released his hands, leaving the slates in my own, saying, "Your message is written." I took the slates apart, and there was written on one of them, in blue and red a message to me from Fannie—a correct answer to the question addressed to her.

What surprised me in this investigation was that the spirits addressed could come and communicate on such short notice. I now believe that when we think of our spirit friends they are aware of it, and when we call them they come to us. Is it not worth our while to know for a certainty that in death we do not die? that life is not subject to death? If we can learn beyond a single doubt that our loved ones gone before live and love us, yes more, can return and minister unto us, is not that knowledge worth seeking?

I will briefly describe the general character of one of H. B. Allen's sittings, of which I have witnessed many and received many spirit messages. A dulcimer is placed on chairs outside the circle, and bells, guitar, paper and pencil arranged on a table within the circle. The room is darkened and all persons clap hands and sometimes join in singing. Soon the spirits begin to manifest by a tune on the dulcimer; then the exhibition of beautiful lights of various forms, darting or gliding around, but sometimes stationary. Many tunes are played on the dulcimer, some softly, some loudly, in tones of wondrous power such as no mortal can produce. The guitar is floated in the air, as it is played upon in time to the whistling by the medium of lively airs, and the bells are moved about and sounded in time to the music. As the guitar is floated around it is made to touch the sitters, and occasionally "bump" their heads in time to the music played upon it.

We hear the rappings soft and loud in intelligent answers to questions. We hear the writing of messages, the tearing of the paper from off the tablet and the rustling of the paper as they are presented to members of the circle. We can plainly feel the caressing touch of spirit hands about us; hear their voices and the rustling and slapping of hands. On one occasion the spirits took a pad from my trunk, carried it one half mile to the circle room and placed it in my hand there. In the light sittings we see ponderable bodies, such as chairs and instruments, moved about vigorously by the invisible power; we also see and handle the materialized spirit hand.

I am a Spiritualist by what I have witnessed, experienced and demonstrated, while my early religious notions have faded out. From self evident truths there is no backsliding. I know we are surrounded by spiritual beings, and it is the fault of mortals themselves if they are not in communion with them. The phenomena given in this age show clearly that these demonstrations are of individual spirits—not gods, not angels as of special creation, not demons; but men, women and children, such spirits as have inhabited mortal bodies such as we inhabit now—spirits who have passed through like sorrows and have experienced like pleasures—spirits who have made the same mistakes, who have passed through the same vale of time as we have; who have tasted its bitterest waters, and who have gone out through the same portal way known as death, which is but the gateway of life immortal.

The effects of spiritual manifestations have sent a ray of light and hope into our hearts in their darkest hours, and now we do not say our friends have died. They touch us in the deepest and saddest moments of our lives, lightening the gloom in our dark days, bringing comfort and sweet balm of peace to our souls—they have made the passage of death right through flowers which carries you into the land of angels and sunshine. Ministering angels wait around the couch of the dying, their welcoming strains of music often pierce the outer courts of matter, and are heard by him who tarries a moment at the gates of death. The true Spiritualist stands calmly at these gates; for him they have been ajar: through them has streamed the glory of supernal spheres; through them he has caught glimpses of fairer realms than were ever pictured in brightest dreams, of well remembered faces aglow with the light of human love, of children with limped arms and shining hair, of parents and friends tarrying at the open gate to greet the loved one about to pass the portals.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, from the tiny ray to the materialized form, have demonstrated the continuity of human life beyond the grave. There can be no valuable philosophy of Spiritualism that does not include the verified and verifiable facts of Spiritualism, which show what spirits can do, how they can present their powers from the intermediate realms that you can grasp and comprehend, and how they prove themselves a supermundane race of beings, but once residents of this world.

The ethics and philosophy that we accept and present are based upon absolute facts—not facts that occurred 500 years ago, the witnesses of which are all gone beyond reach, and their records garbled and unreliable. They rest upon facts occurring to-day, of which there are innumerable living witnesses to testify—facts susceptible of being examined, corrected and credited.

I call the practical experiences that refer to the thing that you are accepting, or get your facts first, and make your philosophy afterwards.

It is facts that the world wants; yes, and it wants an assurance that the facts of to-day can, if necessary, be repeated to-morrow and duplicated every day. This new gospel can assure you that its witnesses will stand every day.

If it was possible at any time in the past for a spirit to hold communication with mortals, and the laws of nature are subject to no change, then it must be possible to-day. What has existed once always exists in some form. If there can be no inspiration now, if it all ceased in past ages, then there never was anything of inspiration, and it never can exist. But it did exist in the past as is proved by the inspiration of the present.

We will admit that there are frauds and fraudulent mediums; but you can not estimate the reality of a spiritual fact by placing it side by side with a counterfeit, unless you wish to make an argument by contrast. You must be sure of the fact and you must be sure of the counterfeit, and unless you have both there can be no argument. Some people are more interested in finding frauds than facts; but one single fact destroys a multitude of frauds: one single evidence is a great deal better than a world to the contrary. It is absolutely impossible for any wholesale fraud to live for forty years.

Spiritual guidance is a fact well established in hundreds of ways in the history and experience of the human race. Communication is a truth that has been proven over and over again, to the happiness, comfort and instruction of thousands of human hearts, and yet spiritual guardianship does not avert the operation of natural law, nor prevent the penalty of its violation. All these things belong to the experiences of life, and must be met to teach the soul obedience and prepare for some thing better.

We believe that around everyone hovers a guardian angel following out the decrees of the divine will; giving messages of comfort, watching by the bedside of the dying, and doing all in their power to uplift humanity.

Though surrounded by much to create happiness, there is a still a longing within which cannot be appeased. The struggle for perfection, peace and purity makes life become painfully unsatisfactory at intervals, and causes a desire in the soul for freedom. Then comes the mission of the unseen, whispering words of cheer, and inspiring with hope; administering with love and bringing the balm of Gilead to heal our wounds. Were they empowered to bring roses instead of thorns, they would gladly do so, but their mission is to heal, comfort, and when ready to succumb, give renewed strength, by which our burden is gently lifted and lightened.

Spiritualism is a product of nature and any effort to stop its progress would be like trying to alter the laws of gravity. As such a fountain of truth we must expect antagonism, for its claims are wonderful enough to confound the world at large. People wonder why it tarries; but it is not in mortal hands, and thus under guidance of a power which propels it in accordance with the world's needs.

Written for The Better Way.

"New Thought" and Two Books.

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

I could have wept when Moses Hull's paper, "New Thought," entered my home for the last time, and the only thoughts that consoled me for its loss were that Moses and Mattie would contribute to our BETTER WAY, and, being less bound to Chicago, might some day come and rescue benighted Memphis.

Rev. Ingram preached to a crowded house recently on "Spiritualism," and, after saying that "any one who rejected the bible was ready to believe anything; and that no medium ever did anything that a trickster could not do; that Spiritualists had always to sit around a table in the dark and were full of credulity," invited any person present to say aught to the contrary. Had Moses been there he could have taught Rev. Ingram how ignorant he really is; and had I been present I doubt my ability to have "kept silent in the church." It was all Dr. L. could do, and he is not so impulsive as myself. I would send the reverend gentleman a copy of "All About Devils" if I could hope he would read.

This brings me to "All About Devils," wherein Moses Hull has shown up the mythical personage that the Rev. Ingram fears and would have others run from. What a solid book of facts Moses has given us. I hope it is rapidly finding its way into every home. The Spiritualist who misses buying a copy is missing a grand feast. And it is so cheap, too. I would not do without it to treat friends to its solid morsels and sweet truths, for many times its cost. In fact, my home would be incomplete without it. If Spiritualists would read more such logic they would develop much more rapidly out of superstition.

And now for Mattie's book "Way-side Jottings." It isn't so deep, but it is full of logical thoughts and tender pathos. It goes to the soul. It is restful and beautiful in spirit. It throbs with love and sparkles with genuine desire to further the interest of truth. It stirs the reader's affections into stronger life. The tribute paid to her by Moses' picture (at which I do not marvel, for it represents a fine and intelligent looking man) goes home to the soul of any loving wife. Have you it, reader?

To these "two Ms." whom I have never met, I bid Godspeed, and hope they may long continue in good works similar to the above, not forgetting our need of the "Gospel of Love" at this point.

A Correction.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

A typographical error in my article in a recent BETTER WAY makes me say "Swattement of the soul." I have no ambition to increase the vocabulary of the race by the addition of such teeth-grinding word as the above. I used a quotation from Joseph Cook and wrote "Swattement of the soul." Please correct and oblige. Yours,

W. F. PRICK.

Sealed Letters and Philosophy.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

A cousin and brother by marriage, Edward Jewett, from New Haven, Vermont, was murdered, and his bones interred in the Mayeville Cemetery lot in 1868. Now, comes and gives the following through a writing medium in Vineland, N. J., in April, 1889, in answer to a request of Solomon W. Jewett of San Francisco, Cal., inclosed in a sealed letter, as reported.

THE RESPONSE.

"Solomon has been wishing a few lines from me, and will be pleased if Mr. Adams shall write him and say for me that I did come here, and have succeeded in making my presence known by name.

"The medium is a power for good, and I am glad it was so easy to give my name and so soon recognized by old friends present.

"The spirit world is very near that bridge over the chasm of death, and is perfectly safe. We can easily come to our friends when they make conditions right for us.

"Solomon, it is true; and the sooner the world becomes acquainted with this, the better it will be for their growth and advancement.

"There is glory in knowing and believing these truths, and fully understanding what the future destiny of man is before they depart over to the better land. Tell all that a life devoted to the welfare of others, unselfishly lived, is the greatest passport to the realms above.

"How hard it is for the supreme selfish persons to understand the importance of cultivating a spirit of charity and love. I was not as well prepared for the change as I would have been—but, thanks to the goodness of the spirit world—I found plenty of sympathetic friends to help me on and guide me to the path of wisdom and love. And since I have been learning these magnificent lessons—that the spirit world and its experiences alone can teach—I rejoice that I, too, was connected in the great family of mankind. For now I know the sublime responsibilities of life that there is no death, only change.

"Cousin Solomon, strive to reach out to the great and good; for there is an unending satisfaction in knowing that the spirit of man lives on forever.

"Your friend and cousin,

EDWARD JEWETT.

Written for The Better Way.

Like Attracts its Like.

BY THOS. COOK.

This is undoubtedly true through all nature, in the realm of spirit as well. So it is equally true that "which a man soweth that shall he also reap." I am reminded of this truth by quite an elderly correspondent, who commends my resolve, "All for truth," but thinks he must leave his wealth to his children. This is very commendable, but it is not far reaching. I, too, have grown children, whom I love and would benefit. I also love their children's children and millions of other children to be born ages to come, in so much that I would do all I can to make this world a paradise for them. If a man loves himself only his love profits him nothing. If he loves only his children, then he gets love in return from only his children. If he loves all mankind and labors for their weal he gets love from all men. But if you love only those who love you in return, it profits you but little; even Democrats and Republicans do that. All would say, as my correspondent does, leave your possessions to your children, and for the present and their immediate good; it might be a benefit, but it is often far otherwise. But if it is left in a beneficiary way for their good and the good of their children, grandchildren, and so on, where it cannot be squandered, even those children in time will bless the parent who thus deposes of his worldly possessions. So it is, spiritual truth widens and broadens the perception of the soul.

A Note of Explanation.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In THE BETTER WAY of April 26th, I noticed an article headed "From the Author of En's Legacy," and signed by Mrs. G. B. Clark. In way of reply to some inquiries as to the truth of this matter I will take this opportunity to place honor where honor is due. En's is the author. The lady does not in her letter claim to be more than the instrument through which writing was done. Enna commanded through Mrs. Clark's own pen that none other than spirit Enna's name be given to her legacy. That she alone and not mortal must stand responsible for its production. She alone will receive all missiles of opposition, all censure or applause called forth by the book. I feel this is all that is necessary to be said respecting this matter at present.

Fraternally, J. B. FAYETTE.

Trade Schools.

The National University of Chicago contemplates the early establishment of a series of "Trade Schools," or Institutes, in which young men may gain a practical education. These institutes will be modeled on the plan of the "Horological Institute," which already numbers over fifty students engaged in learning the watchmaker's trade, and has proved very successful. Such a project deserves every encouragement. Good skillful mechanics are necessary to the world's progress.

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

J. J. Morse, in the Banner of Light, thus explains the phenomenon of psychography, or Independent slate writing:

The special form of phenomena we are to consider is slate writing, and this we will endeavor to explain to you. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that the slates that are used should be as clean as it is possible to get them. Now, by being clean, it is not necessary that they should be new; nor necessary that they should be washed either with pure water or soap and water. You may buy a new slate, never used by anybody, go to a slate writing medium and say: "I want a communication on this slate. It is quite new, it has never been handled." And yet you may not get a communication. Why? Because the person who sold that slate to you may have left a psychological thumb mark upon it that interferes with its production. But if your slate has been in your keeping, and you are psychologically clean—morally, mentally and spiritually clean—you can infuse, so to speak, your personal cleanliness into that slate (a not very difficult matter) and then take your slate to a reputable slate writing medium, and we will guarantee that you will be satisfied in every case. Cleanliness means something besides soap-and-water washing, and when spirits speak of cleanliness they refer to mental, moral and spiritual purity, rather than to a washing of face and hands.

Take your slate to the spirits. To them that slate will appear as a surface of light. The character of the light depends upon the character of the persons handling it, and, strange to say, the movements of the particles of that light will vibrate in proportion to the intensity pertaining to the individual. Are you very anxious, nervously anxious, then the undulations of that surface of light will be like the chop-waves of an angry sea, and you will get no writing, because the necessary equilibrium can not be established. But perhaps it might happen, as it does sometimes, that there may be running through you a faint, fine vein of spirituality, which will be sufficient to soothe the troubled motion and reduce these waves of light to something like smoothness, and then the spirit gives the message. Does it take the piece of pencil and write with it? No; that would be too tedious. But you say your hear the pencil—tiny ticks and tapplings. Well, it is possible the spirit is taking the little nib of pencil, magnetizing it, and making it write. "Oh! but the slates are closed and the writing is on the inside." Oh, yes. Your arm hangs dead and limp by your side, but some one comes in and says, "Good morning! how are you?" And you forget about your arm and stretch it forth in greeting. And if it is possible for your soul force to radiate through the material envelope—as you know it is possible—that as substance is atomized matter combined in the form of molecules, these spirits, knowing the permeability of matter, can write through that matter, just as you write through a fog, cloud, and so by the power of magnetic force place the communication on the inside of the closed slate. This is one way.

Sometimes the communication is written upon what, for convenience sake, we will call a sheet of magnetism. We know how ridiculous this must sound to you, but it is the best term we can use. Perhaps we might call it more correctly a film of matter. The communication is written upon this film of matter, and that film of matter is then introduced through the closed slates, although you might not be able to get the point of your penknife between them. The spirit intelligence working upon them transfers the writing to the slate and then the film of matter is withdrawn. This is more a chemical and electrical manifestation than the mechanical one we have referred to. These are the two processes that are generally used. There are others that are being perfected, but these we need not discuss, since these two are the usual ones used.

PSYCHOMETRY.

BY A. N. ASBOTT.

Psychometry is the science and art, of reading the history and condition of persons, places and things, by contact with material substances. Prof. J. Rhodes Buchanan, who first called public attention to this faculty, calls it "soul-measuring power."

Bishop Polk in conversation with the Dr. nearly 50 years ago (1841) remarked that "if he should touch a piece of brass, even in the night which he could not see, the influence would penetrate instantly through his system, and he could recognize the offensive metallic taste in his mouth."

To Dr. Buchanan ever on the alert for new research on scientific subjects, and particularly in mental and intellectual phenomena, this suggested the thought that others might possess the same power, and the possibility of so developing it that it should be available at will. He accordingly instituted a series of critical experiments, continuing several years, some of the results of which were published from time to time in the "Journal of Man," and have since been embodied in a book treating fully on the subject, called "Psychometry."

He discovered that sensitives when brought in contact with material substances could read the conditions amid which they had previously existed. By holding in the hands or placing on the forehead a letter, for instance, the psychometer could read the moral, mental and spiritual characteristics of the writer, his physical condition, material surroundings and daily occupation, and even in some instances the letter itself.

Not only handwriting but photographs, locks of hair, articles of clothing, jewelry, in fact any and every thing upon which human thought and volition are expended, is impressed by contact and becomes a register of that thought and life.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that everything which surrounds a man, photographs not only his outward physical condition but his mental states, his habits of thought and motives of action, and his spiritual development. Philosophers tell us that all movements even the slightest, produce results which are indelibly stamped on surrounding objects. These are registered by magnetic influence, and are not effected by the lapse of time.

In like manner the influences that emanate from every human being, leave their impress on all around, and these impressions may be detected by the psychometer so clearly that scenes long since passed out of mind may be recalled to memory so vividly as by an eye-witness or a participant. Obscure diseases may be correctly diagnosed, drugs tested, their action being exactly described, their reaction noted and their toxic qualities accurately foretold. In fact accuracy is an important quality of the psychometric faculty.

It has been recorded by Prof. Denton, the eminent geologist, that experiments with fossils and specimens from ancient ruins, were equally successful with those of more modern specimens, even letters or articles of clothing belonging to living individuals. He was early interested in this science, and published the results of his vast number of experiments, in a book called "The Soul of Things," which has passed through a number of editions. The case of Bishop Polk is not without parallel. Many are possessed of and exercise this faculty without knowing that it is capable of development, or that there have ever been scientific experiments to determine its laws and possibilities. In future numbers of this magazine these laws and possibilities will be more fully explained and accounts given from time to time of well authenticated results attained by experiment with various sensitives.—The Anthropologist, Boston.

Light, Heat and Electricity.

It has been commonly supposed that the sun is a fiery body or molten mass, and hence its light and heat: later on it is supposed to be a dark opaque body with an atmosphere of luminosity.

An English speaker says it is simply a planetary body like this earth, and its source of light the following. We have all experienced, in a measure, the law of animal magnetism, and we know that all persons give off a certain quality thereof.

We know that there is an attractive power in the magnet—we know somewhat of the law of polarity—we know something of gravitation, all of which teach us that there are currents of magnetism constantly in motion through various channels. Every atom of the universe is charged with magnetism, which attracts the weaker and is attracted by the stronger. We learn then that the immense bodies revolving in aerial space are subjected to the same law, and every planet or star is charged with magnetism, which is positive or negative according to the relative surroundings.

Our solar system is thus really a magnetic system, the sun being the most attractive body—a central magnet—which draws from the lesser bodies a sympathetic current. The earth in turn is magnet to the moon—Saturn, to its circling rings of astral bodies—Jupiter, to its satellites, and so on through the whole.

The control said that these streams of magnetism drawn from the bodies in our solar system, travel at a rate so amazing that the velocity sets up friction and ignition of the atmospheric particles, and thus along channels of white light the magnetic currents traverse space until they meet in focus at the sun, and this focus of the magnetic generated light is the so-called luminous atmosphere of the sun. Here then we have a seeming paradox, that light and heat are actually traveling to the sun instead of proceeding from it.

Down the lines of magnetic currents the rays glance, and the heat waves travel, but the source is not the sun.

Each planet, within the field of that dazzling focus, is lit up by its brilliancy, and thus while they may be truly said to reflect the sunlight, yet they only are receiving back what they lend: nature always repays a gift bountifully, for here we have a verification of the saying: "Ye shall receive a hundred fold."

He further said that this attractive power of the sun caused all the motions of the earth, for it is the "pull" upon it from the central magnet that gives it impulse, and if it were not for the counter attraction of other bodies, the earth would be drawn into the sun. The great Gulf Stream was an aqueous, and the "trade winds" an aerial, indication of the course of the currents; the tides were also ruled by the same law. The diversified character of the earth's surface (land and water) was the cause of inclination of the earth's axis. Where the rays fell in rectilinear lines, and where they fell in curvilinear lines, there would be diversity of temperature.—Medium and Daybreak.

If the various reform elements do not intend to vote against the corrupt old political parties, what the deuce is the use of holding meetings and conferences and passing denunciatory resolutions? Resolutions are perfectly harmless, and none know it better than do the old parties. They don't care how long or loud you pray, just so you don't begin to shoot against them—with ballots.—Indianapolis Globe.

Every lover of truth is branded with the reproach of eccentricity by the upholders of a system whose centre has always been an untruth, and generally a very transparent untruth.—Professor Oswald.

The Grumbler.

We grumble if it rains;
We grumble if it don't.
We grumble if it snows,
And we grumble if it won't.

We grumble when we're work,
And we grumble when we're none,
We grumble, grumble, grumble—
For without 't would be no fun.

So we ever will be grumbling,
Until resurrection day,
And that will be—grumble—
When we find THE BETTER WAY.

The Color of Sound.

M. Pedroux, a young physician of Nantes, has put forth some theories as to the color of sound. He accidentally discovered that one of his friends was endowed with the mysterious faculty of seeing the colors of sound. This friend, a professor of literature, for a long time had not supposed himself an exceptional case. He had thought that everybody had that faculty, and only discovered his mistake when he tried to explain his experiences in the matter to his friends.

Every time a sound strikes his ear, more especially the sound of a human voice, instantly, without a moment's reflection, the sound translates itself to his eyes into a color. For him voices are red, yellow, blue, green, etc., and the same voice always presents the same color, which is evidence that this is not mere hallucination. As there is a large variety of voices, although a certain number of them give the same shade of color, taken together they correspond to a palette holding an infinite variety of colors, and these colors mix and agitate themselves before his eyes as if under the brush of a painter.

Every sound produces a color, which varies according to the nature of the instrument or the cause of the sound; whether it be a whistle, a musical note, a spoken word; or any casual sound, the color appears always to be a result of the excitation of the auditory nerve. In general, and it is especially the case with M. Pedroux, the stamp of the sound gives it its special color, while the height and intensity of the sound only augments or diminishes the intensity of the color. The voice of any certain individual produces invariably the same colored impression, irrespective of the words he may say or the song he may sing.

On the contrary, the same piece of music will produce different colors according to the character of the instrument which plays it. Thus the Breton melody known as *L'Appel des Patres* appears yellow if executed on a tenor saxophone or a harmonium, red on a clarinet, and blue on a piano. As to the notes of the song, they can be distinguished by the incessant variations in the intensity of the yellow, red or blue coloring. It is necessary, however, that a sound must have a certain degree of intensity to create the colored impression. There are sounds that the eyes cannot see; but the colored impression is seen before the sound is heard.

The eye locates the color in the place where the sound is heard the loudest. The subject unconsciously turns himself towards the place and is surprised not to see the objects there likewise colored. This shows that the color impression is purely subjective—that is to say takes place in his own being, just as one having had a limb amputated may feel sensations of pain in what would be, had it not been detached, the limb's extremity.—Translated from "La Science Pour Tous" for the World's Advance Thought.

A Strange Story.

To Wilkie Collins from New York, under the date of Jan. 22, 1868, Mr. Dickens writes:

"Being at Boston last Sunday, I took it into my head to go over to the Medical School, and survey the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster. There was the furnace, and all the grim spouts and sinks and chemical appliances and what not. At dinner afterwards Longfellow told me a story of a man who had been in a terrible story. He dined with Webster within a year of the murder, one of a party of ten or twelve. As they sat at their long table, Webster suddenly ordered the lights to be turned out and a bowl of some burning material to be placed on the table that the guests might see how ghastly it made them look. As each man stared at the rest in the weird light, all were horror-stricken to see Webster with a rope round his neck, holding it over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side, and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged."—Boston Herald.

How an "Infidel" sees It.

Brother Spiritualist W. E. Reid has had a set-to with Brother Wanamaker at Grand Rapids and come out second best. Brother Reid was using the United States mails to facilitate his correspondence with the spirit world. He charged a dollar for each spirit message. Brother Wanamaker is a strict Presbyterian and has no postal treaty with any governments in the other world except those widely known countries called heaven and hell. So he held that it was unlawful to communicate with the spirit world through the United States mails; and the jury, being good and true Christian men, agreed with Brother Wanamaker. Brother Reid is not in jail as we write, but he must go, for he acknowledges that he got answers from the spirit world and sent them on through the United States mails, charging only one dollar per letter for his trouble. And he proved that the answers were correct and satisfactory. Faith is what Brother Wanamaker seems to lack.—Ironclad Age.

Army student (to new arrival)—Hello! my bantam, what's your father?
A farmer.
Then why didn't he make a farmer of you?
I don't know. What's your father?
(Impressively) A gentleman.
Then why didn't he make a gentleman of you?

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"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggist.

"My brother, in England, was, for a long time, unable to attend to his occupation, by reason of sores on his foot. I sent him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the testimonials it contained induced him to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using it a little while, he was cured, and is now a well man, working in a sugar mill at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."—A. Attewell, Shurbot Lake, Ontario.

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CINCINNATI - - - MAY 24, 1890

A. F. MELCHERS - - - EDITOR

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Let reform begin with self.

Justice should crown the leader.

Look forward and do not stop to discuss the demerits of the past.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," and don't—let it escape thy memory.

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Politics: Villify your opponent and keep up sectional hatred and call that patriotism. A queer kind of a Union.

Dignity unassumed is becoming the man or woman who wears it. But when imitated it becomes ridiculous or nauseating to the intuitive minded.

If you do not know enough about Spiritualism to teach it unadulterated, study up the subject a little more. There is enough truth in it without mixing it with Buddhism, Christianity, or Ingersollism. Each of the last named are very good in their respective places, but we don't need them in Spiritualism. If Spiritualism is something original let it exhibit its originality and stand on its own merits. If it cannot do that it is not yet fully born.

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To be able to give force of expression to thought, whether through speaking or writing, a medium must not be enervated by material labor. Take a physical and mental rest before beginning and then let the spirit have full sway, without stopping to think what kind of an impression your words are going to have on the hearer or reader. Merit will reap its own reward, while a hesitancy breaks the current of inspiration and dampens it, as it were, in comparison to our thought for self.

Subjugation is no defeat—intimidation no victory. The proud or haughty may intimidate the modest or humble ones of earth, but this is not subjugation. The latter can only be when similar forces, on the same mission bent, meet, and where one must fall. Thus the humble need not consider themselves abased because they have been awed by the cold or haughty bearing of an unloving or unsympathetic soul, in the flesh or out of it. Submission is like unconditional surrender; is neither a defeat for one, nor a victory for the other, and having the advantage in putting the latter to shame if disposed to gloat over it as a victory. Besides that, humility is spiritual and elevates the possessor above the contemptuous—the submissiveness alone crowning him victory; for the greatest of victories gained is that over self.

The good or bad influences felt by sensitives coming from persons with whom they are in rapport—either by letter or touch—betrays the immediate cause that is upon such persons, and from which the effects may be foretold—prophesied. A doleful or depressing influence bespeaks of mental trials or tribulations; a sad or melancholy one of heart troubles; discontent of sickness or pain. Those whom these causes concern do not always sense them; and therefore seldom know what is in store for them. Sensitives generally have a premonition of what is going to happen, either by understanding the nature of these influences or by intuition—the latter being a natural discerning of the causes upon us by the gift known as such, and is always an accompaniment of sensitiveness; thus coming to one's aid when the former is not fully understood, or temporarily blunted by sickness or pain, or dulled by overeating, etc.

It appears to be much easier for some to preach and for some to comprehend a tirade against some other ism than to teach or become interested in the pure Spiritualism. Fault finding with the past is not instructing those in the present. Spiritualism is neither iconoclastic nor pharisaical. Its aim is not to tear down, but to build up; nor to despise, but to teach those who are in darkness and have compassion instead of hatred for those who disagree with them. The church has been called to order for inconsistency. Let us not fall into the same error.

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What is oftentimes unpleasant, and even disgusting to one may be very agreeable to another, and thus we should not judge too harshly, unreasonably or without due deliberation. Remember all depends on the condition we are in. The maggot finds it very pleasant to rove about in a dead carcass. Would you despise the maggot on that account? One says he likes prayer at a seance, another says the opposite. The latter need not exhibit any disgust for the former because he is not a praying man. It has not yet been proved that prayer is unnecessary. It is true, many have prayed in vain. But it is equally true, that many have been benefited by it, and aided by it. Those who dislike it, cannot be benefited by it, for the very act would be a hypocritical one—except they are so in denying the efficacy of prayer. We believe there are as many hypocrites out of the church as there are inside. There are just as many who deny God and immortality, and secretly believe in both, as there are those who profess piety and do not live up to it, or are devoid of it—believing not what they preach. Is one form of hypocrisy any better than another?

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THE THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

If the soul be immortal, it requires to be cultivated with attention, not only for what we call the time of life, but for that which is to follow—I mean eternity; and the least neglect in this point may be attended with endless consequences. If death were the final dissolution of being, the wicked would be great gainers by it, by being delivered at once from their bodies, their souls, and their vices; but, as soul is immortal, it has no other means of being freed from its evils, nor any safety for it, but in becoming very good and very wise; for it carries nothing with it but its bad or good deeds, its virtues or vices, which are commonly the consequences of the education it has received, and in themselves constant causes of eternal happiness or misery.—Socrates.

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HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

If Spiritualism is a science it needs no further organization than a business one, as the medical fraternity has, or as astronomers, geologists and other scientists have. Facts unorganized constitute common knowledge; facts organized constitute a science. The former we have absolutely. Now let us organize these facts and we will have a science. We know that materialization is true; that independent writing, inspiration, healing by the laying on of hands, are true; and that clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, etc., are facts arising out of our intercourse with spirits. What more do we need to begin with?

Theories, creeds, a code of principles, and such things are only needed in the absence of facts. But as we have the latter, we don't need the former. So let us build on facts. Suggestions as to the How, the When and the Where are now in order.

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Dr. Reid the "spirit postmaster" has been sentenced by the United States Court to one year's imprisonment in the House of Correction at Detroit. He offered to prove his claims in court but this was denied him, the law not admitting such testimony as he had to offer.

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WHY REPLY TO IGNORANCE?

Replying to opponents of Spiritualism or those trying to disprove it is out of date. No reasonable writer of the present age would undertake to defend the rotundity of the earth against one who still believes it to be flat—except to ridicule such a belief. The fact which the former has to uphold him is sufficient to pass by such an attack with silence. Theory only is subject to debate or argument. Facts need no controversy. Spiritualism is a fact. Spirit phenomena are facts to which a hundred thousand or more witnesses can testify at this moment. Thus we can afford to pass by those with silence who are still foolish enough to say aught of these facts. To one who knows, it must seem as ridiculous to try to disprove the spiritual phenomena, as it does to the average school boy of to-day to hear one try to disprove the present claims and facts of astronomy. Let those who will, bray. It is only a waste of time to reply to common ignorance on one hand and wilful ignorance on the other. We have the facts; they the theory. We can afford to be silent and smile with pity on those who think they know so much, when they know so little. May they be enlightened though before shuffling off this mortal coil, as they will need a little spiritual light before that event and to aid them out of their chaos after it.

THE CAUSE OF PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

Pain is an effect of physical or spiritual discords—sometimes of both. Overeating produces what is commonly or erroneously called biliousness, because it is often followed by fever, headaches, languor or colics. Bile on the stomach does not always make "bilious," nor does biliousness always arise from overeating, or partaking of something that disagrees with the stomach. Indigestion is often caused by the lack of bile, or the right proportion to digest the food eaten. Such persons should eat sparingly of meat or rich food. A surplus of bile is not always that which is needed for digestion, but a secretion which has been discharged as impurities from the liver, kidney, spleen, muscles, lungs and upper stomach. Many of these secretions come directly from the spirit body, being impurities arising from the blood, brain, nerves, tissues, and even the skin itself when filthy or diseased. A pure physical body unfolds a pure spirit—i. e., the impurities of the physical body affect the spiritual body to the extent that we indulge in impure thoughts, actions, emotions, etc., Anger, for example, accompanied by hatred, malice, vindictiveness, etc., vitiates the blood and poisons the spirit as well—the latter being created from the essences of the physical body, and when this is impure the spirit becomes tainted accordingly. But as spirit (or whatever the substance of which the spirit body is composed may be called) cannot harbor impurities—the soul having a more direct action on the spirit body than it has on the physical body—they are returned to the physical body, and through the organs which have been most active in generating them. The organs become diseased during the interval, and we call it liver or kidney complaint, consumption, dyspepsia, nervous headaches, rheumatism, neuralgia and numerous other things. Of course, it is correct to name them. Medicines also give relief, but do not cure them; for as long as there are impurities left in the spirit body, the discharge will continue and no absolute cure will be effected until the spirit has been purged—whether they got there by inheritance or our own folly, viciousness or an impure life.

In returning they cause pain, being the sweets of past indulgences returning in concentrated form. If we had the pleasure of indulging the body beyond the dictates of nature at one time, we must suffer for it at another. If we had the pleasure of seeing a fellow mortal suffer by our viciousness or hatred, we must suffer for it in the form of pain—all unnatural or unspiritual emotions sending impure magnetism or essences into the spirit body, and either produce misery in the next life, or physical suffering in this. Pain and disease are therefore blessings in a measure, though unwelcome guests. But as we sow we shall reap, and those who study self in connection with their troubles will always find that they are due to some discord, either physical or spiritual (mental.)

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Lecturing on "Our Religion" Dr. York at St. Louis recently defined Liberalism thus:

"Liberalism then is the only common ground upon which Free Thinkers, Materialists, Spiritualists and Agnostics can join hands in a common cause against religious superstition and the encroachment of the church against the state. To this end as liberals we have worked for twenty years past. To keep God out of the constitution of the United States, the bible out of the common school and fanaticism from religious legislation on Sunday observance, and to maintain our liberty intact from ecclesiastical misrule is the chief object of American Liberalism."

Then Liberalism also has two sides; for we know that one is very unliberal—in fact inconsistent as to their claims. They demand tolerance in one breath and in the next denounce or ridicule other people's beliefs, and among the latter Spiritualists are not spared.

If Liberalism means anything it means tolerance. Orthodoxy dictates a man's belief to him; but ridiculing him for having a certain belief differing from the so-

called Liberalist, amounts to the same thing—it is virtually dictating a belief by ridicule instead of prescription. One says "believe or be damned" while the other says, believe or be ridiculed, both expecting us to believe as they do. Is this love (charity) that Christianity teaches, or tolerance (free thought) that Liberalism teaches? Dr. York's Liberalism is quite acceptable; but we have seen some that was more intolerant than brimstone preaching Christianity was fifty years ago. If Liberalism wants to be anything, let it be true to its claims—liberal. Let no man preach what it does not practice. Such is hypocrisy. But names, or their meanings don't seem to have much weight with some people. One will call himself a Liberalist because he would like to be one himself. That is, he likes the principle, and already believes himself one because he agrees with it, or it agrees with him.

Belief is nothing. Practice is everything. Faith does not make a Christian (a Christ-an). Imitating or practicing what is said of the Nazarine is the only thing that will make a true Christian. But many think or believe they are such already because they love the principle. So it is with Liberalism. They forget the derivation of their creed or principle, or upon what it is founded. Liberalism does not mean intolerance, but liberality of thought for others as well as oneself. So Spiritualism does not mean materialism—ism, but a life of spirituality, which not only embraces both charity (love) and liberality (tolerance), but more. It means purity, chastity, freedom from ill-feeling, ill-humor, selfishness, etc. But because many love the principle does not make them Spiritualists. Faith without works is naught. Like Liberalism, we must practice what we preach—be true to our appellation, otherwise we are, like the professed Christians and Liberalists, hypocrites. Let us not fall into the same error, but try to live up to that which we are calling ourselves—Spiritualists.

GO DOWN INTO YOUR POCKETS!

Undoubtedly our readers think it is very easy for us to say "put your hands into your pockets," knowing it means money. But everyone knows that without money no enterprise or organization can be pushed forward or kept in existence on this mundane sphere—religion not excepted. Spiritualism is not only a religion, but a science too. Both need money, and Spiritualism therefore should have a double portion to help it along. The church shows no hesitancy or even delicacy about asking for it when it is needed, and these needs exceed ours by far. Church congregations are not satisfied with bread alone, but demand pies and cake as dessert. We only ask for bread—simply the bare necessities to keep us going. Our societies and newspapers are the wheels on which Spiritualism revolves. The societies need money to pay the mediums and speakers who are engaged as the church engages its preachers. Every Spiritualist desires to see the cause advance; every medium who is dependent on it for an existence must desire to see it progress; for, if it does not, they will soon find themselves minus an occupation. Those who are flourishing therefore, should help the cause along to the extent that they are able. Every Spiritualist should make an endeavor to aid the cause financially wherever there is an opportunity offered or a needed demand made. Inspire visitants to "put their hands into their pockets" at a market fair in Germany, a Catholic priest had a transparent posted up with the following inscription, "Wie das Geld in den Beutel fließt, so die Seele in den Himmel bringt," meaning virtually "As the money in the church bag sounds; so the soul in the heaven bounds." It had a marked effect, and has been used in drollery or as a by-word with Protestant Germans ever since when begging for the church. And it has its effect even in that sense, for it touches upon a tender chord, some sensing an intuitive meaning in it, and which is, as we practice charity or benevolence in this life, we become happy in the next. Now, if Spiritualists would only forget the business part of their transaction and not look for "value received" so much as the good they are doing in upholding a society or a newspaper, a dollar would not hurt them half so much when parting with it. There are undoubtedly many who haven't the dollars, at every one has a dime or a nickel to spare once in a while. If the poorest has a nickel once a week, and the rest of us have enough for bread and dessert without needing to beg or complain of short accounts in either societies or newspaper matters. Try and reward it philosophically and forget self in the matter. Make your donation a charitable one and give for love—not for value received. We have some good, noble nated people in the cause who are parting every day—giving with a free and to uphold societies and newspapers. Let them be assisted by those who n, however small their mite. "Many mickle makes the muckle" says the proverb. With us it is, many a mickle makes the knuckle—the bone and jaws of life, and war if needs be. But let us live first, and then we will talk of — well, peace, not war. But let us enjoy a good peace condition, we need money, and therefore don't feel offended when we or others say "go down into your pockets!"

Briefs, Personals and Locals.

See our new offer to agents on another page.

Does the man who plays by ear need any hands.

E. L. M.—Your contributions are always welcome as they need no revision.

Please watch the tag on your paper and note the time of expiration, so you may know when to renew your subscription.

The commander of a French post in the Congo basin, named Musy, has been killed and eaten, with twelve attendants by cannibals.

Prof. W. F. Peck spoke at Stafford, Conn., last Sunday, and again to-morrow. He is an able exponent of the truth and a good writer besides.

An aerolite, weighing nearly five pounds and resembling a cannon ball, fell in an alley in Hartford City, Ind., on the 14th inst. Cease firing!

England and Germany are unable to settle their boundaries in Africa. A congress of European powers to adjust African possessions may be held.

Dr. Galling, the inventor of the gun that bears his name, has invented a torpedo boat. The doctor means to kill or cure. He must be a "regular."

Mr. E. O. Hare, the new corresponding secretary of the Union Society may be addressed at the N. E. cor. of Pearl and Sycamore street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Seerv will leave the city again for a two or three months sojourn in our neighboring towns, having been urgently called to give seances in many of them.

Those who don't know enough about poetry to be able to judge their own should not write any until they know how. Our waste basket hungers for that kind.

Josh Billings said 20 years ago, that the man who tried to become rich in one year, generally got into the penitentiary before six months had passed. This advice still holds good.

Our Sunday laws were evidently made to abate the vice of gluttony. At least it is twenty times as easy to get whiskey on a Sunday afternoon as it is to get groceries.—Puck.

Webster's dictionary that we are offering as a premium contains nearly sixteen hundred (1600) pages. Four dollars secures one with THE BETTER WAY for one year. Now is the accepted time.

A pleasing surprise party was given to Mrs. Decker at her new residence on Richmond street, Monday evening by her friends, the party having previously met at Mr. H. A. Starry's for the purpose.

Beginning with next issue we will employ a scissors editor to assist us in the editorial make-up—believing that such a change of mental diet might be both acceptable and wholesome to our readers.

One of the most significant signs of the times, is the advent of so many labor papers. It is evidence that the masses are thinking. The subservience of the workingmen is being dissipated by these torch-bearers of better conditions.—World's Advance Thought.

He only is a Spiritualist to whom the grand truth of Spiritualism comes as a quickening light, arousing desires to gain a knowledge of spiritual law, increasing his aspirations for spiritual attainments and strengthen him to rise superior to all the selfish and sensual allurements of human environments.—Gate.

We have been informed that Mrs. Fairchild, materializing medium, will return from California for the east shortly, via Cincinnati and will give seances here if desired. She may be now addressed at 323 Larkin street, San Francisco, to that effect. Any encouragement will be gratefully acknowledged or received.

A man born with a current of good ancestral blood in him finds it an easy matter to be good; but a man born with a current of bad blood finds it immensely difficult; therefore do not sneer at the wrong-doer, but be thankful that you were not born with such evil influences clinging to your nature.—Banner of Light.

The following constitutes the board of officers of the Society of Union Spiritualists for the coming year: President, J. B. Connelly; Vice-President and Treasurer, M. G. Youmans; Recording Secretary, H. A. Starry; Corresponding Secretary, E. O. Hare; Trustees: I. S. McCracken, W. S. King, J. B. Grooms, Marion Long, Wm. P. Goodhue.

Lycum secretaries are requested to send the name of their respective society with officers' names to Miss Lizzie Dobson, 26 Clinton street, Cincinnati, O., the object being to publish them in a monthly lycum newspaper, if sufficient subscribers for such an enterprise can be secured, or orders for a number obtained from other lycums to that effect.

The Buchanan Anthropological Society of Boston now issues what is to be a substitute for the suspended "Journal of Man," a monthly entitled *The Anthropologist*. Dr. Buchanan contributes the opening article, and a paper in which he outlines something new in the matter of the "Medical and Scientific." Office 30 East Brookline street, Boston, Mass.

Amongst the surest evidences that the cause of Spiritualism is making deeper and yet deeper marks; both on its friends and enemies, is the abundant newspaper correspondence that is sent to us from all quarters, in which the enemy vents his spleen by round abuse, and the friends reply with a careless indifference born of confidence in the impregnable truth on which their cause is based. If it be asked why we do not more frequently republish these (hostile) effusions, we answer, because they are so silly and commonplace that we grudge the space they occupy.—The Two Worlds, Manchester, England.

The American Health Instructor for May gives a full account of the spring closing exercises of the American Health College at Fairmount, Cincinnati, on Saturday and Sunday, May 31 and 1st. The so-called "Vitalistic System of Practice of Health and Life, for Body and Soul" is taught there, and is probably the only medical college that teaches of the mortality or of the soul nature of man. Fourteen graduates received a diploma to practice the art of curing the sick by this peculiar method. The college is chartered by the state, making the practice a lawful one. The title gained by the graduate is V. D. Dr. J. B. Campbell is the professor in charge.

The Sunday services at G. A. R. Hall were as usual interesting and attended by fair audiences. Mrs. Richings was in good spirits and became quite eloquent at times under her inspirations. Both discourses were made up of questions asked by the audience. In the course of her remarks she touched—not lightly—upon self-development, and like a good reformer said "we" when putting down the law severely, lugging in herself so as to not offend or have any suppose she was becoming personal. Self study will be the ruling lesson of the day in Spiritualism during the coming generation, somewhat as "conditions" was in the last, though the latter is not quite perfectly learned yet; for as "conditions" was needed to lead to a comprehension of *mediumship*, so self study will be needed to lead to a comprehension of the *phenomena*—causation generally. Both services closed with psychometric readings and spirit tests. At the close the name of a well-known Cincinnati medium was given Mrs. Richings to read. Although she did not know this medium, the first impression expressed was "that it was a good joke." This remark was made by the medium when it was proposed to give her name up for a reading, and added another wonder to the gift of psychometry. All the readings were acknowledged as correct, including the latter, and closed with a round of applause that showed appreciation on part of the entire audience.

Dr. Eldridge's seance at the Spiritualists Hall on the evening of the 14th inst. was very well attended, some fifty or sixty persons being present. The doctor, after Mrs. Ross' overture on the organ, opened with a little speech on healing and then requested those who wished to be diagnosed to stand up. Quite a number were ready to be examined—psychometrically as it were. The doctor simply took a bird's eye view from the rostrum of the person to be diagnosed; then went into the anatomy of the being, and hardly ever failed to read him or her correctly. To prove that it was not an effect of physiognomy, the doctor turned his back on the audience and requested anyone to stand up, give his or her name loud enough to be heard by him and he would "read" from the voice. He also succeeded in this—the person, it being a lady, acknowledging, as did the others, that the diagnosis was correct. In nearly every case the doctor was amply applauded. At the close Mrs. Kibby described and gave names of spirits present. These too were acknowledged as being correct; i. e., recognized—one a remarkable case. A gentleman present recognized one as a co-workerman who in life had opposed him in Spiritualism, but said if it was possible to return as a spirit he would announce himself by name on the first occasion. Two weeks ago this man passed over. This being the first opportunity, he gave his name as promised—the circumstances being unknown to the medium. Both Dr. Eldridge and Mrs. Kibby are good mediums and reliable as individuals in all respects.

Literary.

A Lecture by H. L. Hastings, entitled "The Independence of the Bible." Price 5 cents. Address as above, 49 Cornhill street, Boston.

Psychic Studies for the past year has been bound in one volume and may be had for \$1.25 by addressing A. Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal. It is full of timely thoughts on timely subjects.

The Reconstructionist is the name of a weekly Spiritualist paper that is to be published at Summerland, Cal., by Prof. J. S. Loveland, as soon as arrangements can be made that are needed for such an enterprise.

The Dawn comes now in magazine form. It is a record of Christian Socialism and social progress. Published by the Society of Christian Socialists, 36 Bromfield street, Boston. \$1.00 per annum. Single numbers 10 cents.

The Gleaner for March and April—two in one—contains as frontispiece a portrait of Nellie Bly and Miss Bialand, and two other minor illustrations. Its reading contents are well selected and cannot but meet with the approval of most readers of women's magazines. Published at 841 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Julia Schlesinger, editress.

Amongst the surest evidences that the cause of Spiritualism is making deeper and yet deeper marks; both on its friends and enemies, is the abundant newspaper correspondence that is sent to us from all quarters, in which the enemy vents his

Ladies' Department.

Written for The Better Way.

Our Spirit Guides.

BY MRS. E. J. DEMOREST.

Let me guide thee, oh my darling,
In the path so often sought,
Brighter beams are in thy morning,
Brighter are the mortal wraiths.

Aspiration bids thee onward,
Angels, write thy name in love;
Inspiration woe the upward,
Then it's written up above.

If thy name be among the lowly,
Though it be among earth's poor,
Let thy thoughts be ever holy,
Then thy life and deeds are pure.

Written for The Better Way.

HOPE.

BY CELIA LOCKES.

It is worth while to cling to hope. Hope keeps the mind dwelling on future affairs. To become despondent, hopeless, is to stamp the brow with care—is to retrograde. Let us live in hopes, for are we not children, forever growing to higher destiny? Let us cease to count years, and learn to live aright. Never mind how far we have had to stretch the thread of hope, don't give it up or say "it is too late, or I am too old." When you say that you break the strands of health and happiness.

There is, as you know, a law of affinity in life, and from the time you begin to realize your own individuality you have the key to unfold your nature as the flower unfolds its tinted and fragrant life. Yes, I know how prone we are to failure—how we find in our lives many times a fungus growth of discontent—and blighted hopes. I know, too, how much "man's inhumanity to man" makes countless thousands mourn, but for all of that, tie the threads of your broken hopes and look toward the future. Sing the songs that have for so long lain unvoiced in your souls! Hew out the unfinished statue that the years have cast into oblivion! If you have one special talent, or more than one, cultivate them, although a hundred years may have passed since you were born. You think that would be an impossibility; so do I, as to-day finds us. Do you think that the faculties of your nature die? They do not; they become inert because you cease sending the living, hopeful spirit to those organs of talent. Let us keep wholly in harmony with nature, i. e., our individuality.

To hope is better than wig, powder or paint. It will brighten the eye and succor the faint. It will lead to success, if it's tempered with will. And stand of in the gulf, we shall stand top o' the hill.

Diem, vivimus, vivamus.

Let us reach into the inner consciousness of our natures and find their highest desires—just as we did in childhood days. Not that we desire childish toys and sweetmeats; we have outgrown them by aspirations which have kept pace in our natures with the attracting law of higher forces, till we have reached our present standard. We all know when we began snapping asunder the cords of hope, feeling that life was narrowing, that the limit was not far away. And have we not yet learned the effect of such unnatural reaction upon the physical being? When nature changes her requirements through growth all is well. Hope is a strong argument in favor of individual spirit existence after death to the physical body. Even if we do not succeed in overcoming difficulties and cannot attain things hoped for in this life, we surely shall be better prepared to take up the right line of work in "the land of the dead."

O, let us hope! Let silent prayer,
Living in nature everywhere,
Portrayed in flower, rock and tree,
And shaping the thread of destiny,

Written for The Better Way.

HIT 'EM AGAIN.

MRS. F. W. TORNT.

In perusing the columns of THE BETTER WAY my attention was particularly attracted by an article headed "At last a cue," and signed "M. F. P." I felt like saying "Amen," and probably should, only that the word is too orthodox to enter into my vocabulary.

I feel like joining her in the protest she makes, and all the more because, on showing the article in question to one of the "lords of creation," he boldly asserted that it "was not written by a woman," but probably emanated from the erudite brain of one of said "lords." That was the straw that broke the camel's back; hence this communication. And, like "M. F. P.," it is because I try to apply the principles of Spiritualism to every-day life, and make it practicable, that I strenuously object to having it diluted with "menus and cosmetics," and taking it in prescribed doses, labeled "Ladies' Corner."

There is a trite saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Admitting this, does it not follow that wisdom and discernment should rule the brain, which is the power that moves the hand?

I would not for a moment depreciate the importance of good cookery and wholesome food, attention to Hygiene and the laws of health. But, with "M. F. P.," I think there are so many sources from which to obtain such information outside of our spiritual papers that it seems sacrilegious to waste precious space with articles pertaining to such subjects when it is spiritual food we need and not cosmetics. It seems to me if there is any truth in Spiritualism to make the world better, the "Ladies' Corner" is the place to disseminate that truth. When we consider that woman in

a great measure influence the lives and doings of husband, brothers and sons, it is a self-evident fact that all that science has demonstrated, all the advancement in the field of thought, all the lore of the ages past, all that spirit communion holds for the future, should be laid before them in the "Ladies' Corner" to elevate and spiritualize their nature, until they will be still better adapted to occupy the high places for which nature evidently intended them.

Or, if you consider the "dear creatures" so intellectually deficient, would it not be philanthropic to try cultivate in them a larger capacity of brain to establish a more perfect mental equilibrium? At least, isn't it worth a trial?

It seems to me the most advanced thinkers and forcible writers should cater to the spiritual needs of womankind. At least, try us awhile, and if we are overcome by the awful avalanche of metaphysics and cosmogony poured down upon our devoted heads by said writers and thinkers, we will say enough, and sadly return to our spoon-vitamins until we cut our wisdom teeth.

ONE IN OUR FAVOR.

To the Editor of The Better Way.
"M. F. P.'s" criticism in a recent BETTER WAY may be in a sense correct, yet I had not thought of our department in the light of being inferior to the other matter contained in the paper. Whatever has been original has been read and enjoyed. Borrowed articles, receipts, etc., I presumed were used to fill up on account of the sisters' failure to respond to our editor's urging invitation to write for said department, all of which, I own, have been skipped for the original matter, of which THE BETTER WAY has a good supply.

Our department—and, by the way, I prefer Woman's to Ladies' Department—is for the sisters to try their intellectual powers. Poems, stories, anecdotes and hints for humanity's good have graced its columns. Many new correspondents dare to make a trial here, feeling more at home, but I do not believe Brother Melchers has refused publication of any article by the side of the more noted writers, whose names add luster to the columns outside our corner, because the writers were women.

If the "pabulum" we have dealt out has been of the same quality given in the conservative orthodox papers, it is certainly moral, and there is much in orthodoxy that will not hurt a Spiritualist to imitate. Let us be slow in discarding the old and in choosing the new; be sure we build a foundation that will support all the new logic.

I have taken the trouble to look over the department from January, 1890, and find sixteen original articles by women, besides a number of poems. The stories and essays are all readable. The tribute to "Alice and Phoebe Cary," and the "Eulogy on Women" are well prepared, and I think, if perused with care, are pleasing and instructive.

I trust the sisters will not be frightened, and even should the editor tear down the wall between our special corner and the rest of the paper, that they will continue giving their ideas. Remember, also, that the wall is very low, and all may scale its heights who have the spunk to try. Send on your lectures, scientific discussions, and if the corner is over-run, you know cream comes to the top, and Bro. Melchers will know where to put the overplus.

Will "M. F. P." please give us an article on "Transmutation of will." It will be highly appreciated by myself, as I am particularly interested in getting a better understanding of the subject.

Our department need not necessarily be a "deteriorating channel." Spiritual truth can be disseminated from every corner of a spiritual journal, and it depends on women to make one corner rise to star spiritual heights that it shall be a star whose rays shall illuminate not only womankind, but shall be of "practical benefit" to all mankind.

I am sure that sister "M. F. P.'s" heart is all right. She is only worried with this interminable waiting for the advancement of our sex until we may stand on an equal footing with our brothers. That time will never come, sister, until the elective franchise is ours. Then the wall between man's and woman's sphere will vanish, and we will receive the homage due to woman as a citizen of these United States.

A. M. MUNGER.

Written for The Better Way.

A Leaf From Memory.

BY CELIA LOCKES.

In the midst of physical suffering a mental picture from the green isle of memory will come before me, impressed upon the retina of the material eye by an unseen force. It comes unthought, uncalled, from the leaves of an unbounded life.

While lying in bed in the early part of night, and wishing I could sleep, the following vision came before me:

An old fashioned cemetery, where but few stones were more pretentious than the others. No costly monuments bound to earthly conditions the souls of men and women who might have made better use of their wealth while in the body by clothing the needy and feeding the hungry ones about them. There was no graveled carriage way, no gloomy iron vault, summer's living green was over all who rested there. It was a golden day, and the sunlight seemed to filter in liquid gleams and diamond drops through the ambient air. One grave, that of a child, was entirely covered with old fashioned grass pinks, a mass of bloom, so fragrant that as it came back to memory it seemed as if I could smell them

just as I did that day in the time gone by. The name on the little white headstone was Cary. I was at that time only a child of ten or eleven years. I was alone in the "silent city," excepting the angels, but as I stood there and looked at the little grave and lovely flowers, a subtle but forceful feeling of an anterior and far reaching life—more than that which my earthly senses cognized, thrilled and moved around me. I breathed it; I knew it. So impressed was I then and there that never has the picture in its frame of summer sunshine been effaced from my soul. It has grown dim at times, veiled by the discords of life, but anon it comes to rest me or for a purpose I may not understand, but it brings rest.

Bismarck's Wife.

If little is known in England of Prince Bismarck's private life, still less, says Mrs. Pereira, is known of this lady who for more than forty-two years has shared his home. The Princess Bismarck is described as the very model of a practical, methodical German matron, with an eye for every detail of household arrangement and economy, and a heart for the comfort and well being of each housemate, from the highest to the lowliest. Weddings, it has been observed, not seldom give rise to other weddings.

It was at a wedding of a friend that Bismarck first met Fraulein Johanna von Puttkamer. She was one of the bridesmaids, and the stately lady made then and there an impression on the young Baron which culminated in an offer of marriage three years later. The key to the Princess' character is to be found, says the same biographer, in her words: "That my husband is a public character is a fact which I often find it painful enough to resign myself. But as for me, his wife, what have I to do with publicity? I do not exist for publicity, but wholly and solely for him."

The perfect union of souls, however, Mrs. Pereira confesses, has not prevented the Princess' husband from posing occasionally as a victim to family claims. In one letter he says, referring to a projected excursion to the seaside: "I have held out against it for a long time, but as all the mothers and aunts are unanimous in declaring that nothing but sea water and sea air can do poor Mariechen any good, I know that if I still refuse every cold in the head which may befall her to the seventeenth year of her age will be set down to my avarice and paternal barbarity." Again he writes: "Yesterday I was reduced to such a state of despair by all these plans that I was positively determined to give up the whole journey, and I went to bed with the firm resolution at all events to travel straight through without stopping anywhere on the way. But Johanna attacked me in the night with the youngster in her arms, and, by dint of all the arts that drove man out of Paradise, she, of course, gained her point, and the original scheme had to be carried out."

It is only fair to the Princess after this to quote her husband's loving letter from Biarritz: "I have had a bad conscience, because I am seeing so much that is beautiful without you. If you could only be carried hither through the air, I would go with you this very moment back to San Sebastian."—London Daily News.

Mind Reading.

The most remarkable of mind reading exploits, known as the wire test, was given by J. Randolph Brown to-night in the presence of a large party of Congressmen and others. An insulated copper wire was used. One end of it was held by Brown across his forehead. The other end was taken possession of by a gentleman selected from the party and a stranger to Brown. At a signal this gentleman placed the end of the wire against his forehead. He opened his watch and looked at the number engraved upon it. Brown, at the other end of the wire, and with his eyes blindfolded, wrote the number, figure by figure, upon a blackboard. The test was performed under such conditions as to make fraud or trickery impossible. The gentleman who opened his watch frankly admitted that he did not know what the number was until then. The figures were small. He made a mistake in one figure, thinking a six a five. The mental telegraph was true to the blunder. The figures which Brown had traced upon the blackboard were exactly as the gentleman thought he saw them on his watch. There was absolutely no possibility of communication between the two men except by the wire. It was a clear case of mind telegraphing to mind. Brown has been experimenting on distances. Ex-Governor James Pollock of Pennsylvania who died recently, held the wire at Wilmington not long ago, while Brown, at the Philadelphia end, twenty-eight miles away, successfully wrote numbers Pollock fixed upon his mind. This wire feat of Brown's is far in advance of anything which has hitherto been performed in the way of mind reading.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pin money seldom sticks.

Douglas Jerrold jotted down his witty inspirations on narrow, ribbon-like strips of blue paper.

The novelists, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coasters of pens.

Bartley Campbell scribbled off his famous play, "My Partner," on common wrapping paper, with a blunt lead pencil.

Low Wallace writes his first draft upon a slave, and finishes upon large sheets of white unruled paper, in a most faultless chirography.

MEETINGS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Psychic Research Society meets every Sunday afternoon at Douglas Hall, northwest corner of 6th and Walnut streets, at 3 p. m. Admission free; strangers cordially invited.

The Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, hold meetings at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10:45, and Sunday evening at 7:45; also Wednesday evening of each week, to which all are made welcome.

The Lyceum for children and adults meets at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, Cincinnati, every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. and Wednesday evening at 7:45; also Wednesday evening of each week, to which all are made welcome.

Spiritual Healing and Developing Meetings, with speaking and music every Sunday at half-past 3 p. m. at the American Health College, Fairmount, Free to all.

Boston, Mass.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE ROOM, No. 9 Bowdoin street—Sessions are held every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly. Admission free. J. A. Shelhamer, Chairman.

Boston Spiritual Temple Society, Berkeley Hall. Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Richard Holmes, President; G. H. McGuire, Treasurer; G. L. Rockwood, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Essex streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will hold public meetings every Sunday.

The Temple Fraternity School for children meets at 10:45 a. m.; afternoon services at 2:45, and Wednesday evening social at 7:30.

1031 WASHINGTON STREET—The First Spiritual Temple, 1031 Washington street, Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. T. J. Bennett, President. Public meeting at 7:30 p. m. Spirits afternoon last Friday afternoon in each month. Mrs. A. Barnes, Pres., Mrs. E. F. Woodbury, Secretary, 23 Bromley Park, Boston Highlands.

Meetings at Twilight Hall, 799 Washington street, corner of Hollis, Eben Cobb, Conductor.

The Ladies Industrial Union hold their meetings each Wednesday afternoon and evening at Twilight Hall, 799 Washington street, corner of Hollis. Circle of super-8 musical and literary entertainment at 8 o'clock. All are welcome.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Pres.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Hollis, at 8 p. m. T. J. Bennett, President. Public meeting at 7:30 p. m. Spirits afternoon last Friday afternoon in each month. Mrs. A. Barnes, Pres., Mrs. E. F. Woodbury, Secretary, 23 Bromley Park, Boston Highlands.

A Public Social Meeting will be held every Thursday evening at 7:45 in the office parlors of Evans House, 176 Tremont street. Eliza J. Bennett.

Chelsea—Spiritualist meetings are held in Pilgrim Hall, Odd Fellows Building, each Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock.

Meetings are held at Grand Army Hall, Sundays at 2:45 and 7:45 p. m. All mediums invited. G. P. Slight, Chairman. The Ladies' Social Aid Society holds its meetings every Friday afternoon and evening at 8 p. m. at the Chelsea Hall. M. L. Dodge, Sec.

Conbridge—Meetings are held every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, 548 Main street. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

Columbus, O.

First Spiritual Ladies Aid Society hold their meetings at 8 p. m. at the Columbus Hotel, 115 W. Third street, every Sunday evening. Mrs. H. Obit, President, 248 S. 34 st.

New York, N. Y.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at 219 West 42nd street, New York City, on the first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m.

All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with THE ALLIANCE—either as resident or non-resident members—and to take an active part in its work.

Spiritualists are disposed to aid the American Spiritualist Alliance and do so by sending subscriptions to its treasurer, F. S. Maynard, 210 Washington st., who will acknowledge all remittances.

THE ALLIANCE defines a Spiritualist to be: "One who knows that intelligent communication can be had between the living and the so-called dead," and all such are invited to become members.

J. F. Clark, Cor. Secretary, 89 Liberty St., N. Y.

Adolph Hall, corner 62nd street and 7th avenue.—First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m., 2:45 and 7:45 p. m.

A General Conference will be held every Wednesday evening at 8:30 West 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. O. Morrell.

The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at 230 W. 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. O. Morrell.

The Psychological Society meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at 510 6th avenue, near 36th street. J. F. Salpe, President, 416 Broadway.

Philadelphia, Pa.

First Association hold their meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the hotel, 310 Spring Garden st. Lyceum, 2:15 p. m. J. Wood, Pres.

The Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia hold spiritual and mediums' meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. at their church, on Thompson Street, between Front Street and Frankford Road. Secretary, P. L. C. Brown, 127 N. 2nd street. President: L. T. Abbott Secretary.

Spiritual Circle Hall, 125 Columbia Avenue.—Spirits every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and evening at 7:30. Dine collection.

Keystone Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday at 2:15 p. m. at their hall, 8 E. corner 10 and 11th streets, near the corner of Broad and Chestnut.

Fourth Association hold their meetings every Sunday evening at 7:15-2 o'clock at N. E. corner 3rd and 4th Ave. Mrs. M. Brown, President.

Cleveland.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1.—Meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., in G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and Liberalists earnestly invited to send their children, and the public cordially invited to attend FREE.

The School for Psychic Culture meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. Public invited.

The Spiritualists' Progressive Thought Society will hold their meetings at 2:30 p. m. at Probek's Hall, Franklin Avenue. Admission free.

North McGregor, Ia.

The North McGregor Society of Spiritualists meet every Sunday and Thursday evening. Thos. Edgar, President; Geo. Ramsey, Sec.

St. Paul, Minn.

The Spiritual Alliance meets in Wauvota street Chapel, between Eighth and Ninth streets, every Sunday evening at 7:30. Mrs. M. O. T. T. Sec. 327 East 8th street.

San Jose, Cal.

Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at G. A. R. Hall, South First st. Program and literary entertainment first Sunday in each month. All welcomed.

Watertown, N. Y.

The First Progressive Society hold Sunday meetings in their Temple on Davis street Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and evenings, 7:30. Lectures, tests and psychometric readings.

Chicago, Ill.

People's Spiritual Society meets at 93 S. Peoria st. every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. All are made welcome who visit Chicago. G. L. H. Jensen, Pres., 240 W. Monroe st.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Brooklyn Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly conference meetings at Everett Hall, cor. Bridge and Wiloughby streets, on Saturday evening of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m. Good speakers and mediums. Free. Send Box 44.

Pittsburg, Pa.

The First Spiritualist Church of Pittsburg has lectures every Sunday morning at 10:45 and evening at 7:45. Children's Lyceum at 2 p. m. at their hall, No. 6 1/2 St. at 10th and 11th streets. J. H. Lohmeyer, Sec.

Troy, N. Y.

The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Lyceum, 115 W. 3rd street, between 1st and 2nd streets. Ladies Society and supper every Thursday Progressive Spiritual Association No. 2, meets at Star Hall, corner of Fourth and Fulton streets, (entrance on Fulton) every Sunday.

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WE CUT THE FOUL
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Two Little Old Ladies.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay.
In the selfsame cottage lived day by day;
One could not be happy, "Hence," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
And she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song
She had not time to be sad, she said,
When hungry children were crying for bread;
She knitted, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
Now which, think you, chose the wiser way?
—Two Worlds.

The Time to be Pleasant.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming
out into the kitchen with a pout on her
lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she
looked up and answered Maggie: "Then
it is the very time for you to be pleasant
and helpful. Mother was awake a good
deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her
hat and walked off into the garden. But
a new idea went with her—"The very
time to be pleasant is when other people
are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would
do the most good. I remember well
that when I was ill last year, I was
so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I
could hardly help being cross; and mother
never got cross or out of patience, but was
quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it
back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on
which she had thrown herself, and turned
a face full of cheerful resolution toward
the room where her mother sat soothing
and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his
carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morn-
ing," she asked.

"I would be glad if you would," said
her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the
baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good,"
said Maggie, "and you must lie on the
sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You
are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that ac-
companied them were almost too much
for the mother, and her voice trembled as
she answered—

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world
of good. My head aches badly this morn-
ing."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as
she turned the carriage up and down the
walk! She resolved to remember and act
on her aunt's good words: "The very
time to be helpful and pleasant is when
everyone is tired and cross."—The Young
Reaper.

INDIAN GHOST STORY.

Dead Chickasaws Believed to Dance and
Play Ball by Moonlight.

The Chickasaws have a superstition
that on moonlight nights during the mid-
night their dead warriors and noted ball
players meet and dance the hi-yoch-ah-
chee, which is a dance of defiance, and
play ball, says a writer in the New York
Times. Should a living person come
within the spirit circle death soon over-
takes him. In 1850 the writer was com-
missionary of subsistence for the Chickasaws
and had three depots for issuing rations.
The principal one was at Fort Coffee on
the Arkansas river; there was one on the
Canadian, 45 miles west of Coffee, and
another at Picketts, 30 miles south of
Coffee. About five miles from the fort was
the Choctaw agency and superintendency
of the West. Between there and Chadie's,
the depot on the Canadian, there was only
one settlement, Creek Billy's, named after
a Creek Indian who had a Chickasaw
wife. Half of the distance was prairie.
During the day in midsummer the flies on
the prairie were so troublesome that it
was almost impossible to ride, consequen-
tly travel was mostly at night.

On a moonlight night in August, in
company with two beef contractors, the
writer left Fort Coffee and made the ride
to the Canadian, issued rations and rested
for a day. On the evening following he
left there alone on the return trip. It was
a very dry season. Creek Billy had a
good well, and travelers usually stopped
there to water their horses. It must have
been near midnight when the writer
reached there, refreshed his horse and
himself with a cooling drink, and left. In
a vast wilderness, in the stillness of the
night, one's senses of sight and hearing
become extremely acute.

About half an hour after leaving Billy's
I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and
soon discovered an Indian on horseback
coming at full speed toward me. He re-
cognized me and drew up. Fear was de-
picted on his face. It may well be said
that the hair of his head stood on end. He
said: "Go back! Go back to Billy's! I
hear the spirits hi-yoch-ah-chee in that
little prairie (which I had to pass through)
and they will kill you if you go on." He
was a little under the influence of liquor.
I asked him for his bottle, which he hand-
ed to me, and I took a good drink from it
and rode on.

A short distance from where I left him
I heard some wolves howl. In his heated
imagination that was the hi-yoch-ah-chee
he had heard. I had passed the prairie he
mentioned and was some distance from it
riding into a sandy bottom creek, which
was perfectly dry, when my horse took a
sudden fright and jumped. I turned my
head and thought I saw just behind my
horse what looked like an Indian, covered
from head to foot with a blanket, as the
Indians wrap their dead. Fortunately,
presence of mind induced me to rein up
my horse and take a second look. It was
only a pillar of sand which, in his jump,
my horse with his hind feet had thrown
up. Had I not taken a second look I
might have believed during all my life that
I had seen something supernatural.

Sunday School Teacher—"By their fruits
ye shall know them." Willie Brown, you
may tell me what that means.

Willie Brown—"You can always tell a
Dago by his banana stand.—Life.

Written for The Better Way.

SUBSTANCE—SPIRIT—SOUL.

Dictated by Spirit Oracles to Henry E.
Warner, Medium.

The question of the correlation of soul,
spirit and matter has presented many
sides to the students of spiritual science,
and according as they have viewed the
question have been their theories.

On the one hand we have the theory
that all we behold in the vast round of
the universe is matter; on the other hand
stands the theory that all is soul or spirit,
confounding soul and spirit as synony-
mous terms.

The materialistic reasoner declares to
the world that all is matter, and that there
can be no existence without matter. That
life is the result of organization and that
thought is but a mode of motion chemi-
cally expressed. Sounds very learned,
does it not?

The spiritualistic reasoner, or extremist,
takes the opposite ground that all is soul
or spirit, mixing his terms regardless of
their proper signification. In the course
of our experience in the spirit life apart
from the physical body, we have come to
the conclusion that both sides of this ques-
tion, as commonly presented to the world,
are misrepresentations of the actual state
of affairs.

Neither soul, nor spirit, nor matter
alone of themselves compose the entirety
of nature and nature's being. The three
must exist in combination in order to pro-
duce the phenomena known as physical
life, and that each is but a form of sub-
stance. Substance is all of existence—all
that can be subjected to the analysis of
physical sensation, and all that can be
conjured up in the realm of thought as
existing outside of and beyond the bounds
of physical contact.

The various gases that cannot be seen
by the eye, whose presence is only known
by chemical analysis and by their effects,
are substance as truly as the lump of coal,
or the nugget of gold. The finer spirit
that permeates and binds these particles
together, is as much substance as the mas-
sive iron pillar that supports the roof of a
temple, or the fine cambric needle used by
a lady in sewing.

We are asked now to define soul, spirit
and matter by some critic who doubts, as
is his privilege, our statements. To us as
we view life and its varied forms from the
standard of actual spiritual existence, it
seems almost childish to be seeking a defi-
nition of the undefinable, the unlimited
and unexplored realms of deific (so-called)
intelligence.

But as nearly as you can define them
we find that soul is that form of substance
which contains the active life principle; in
fact, it is not what life is made of—it is life
itself.

Spirit is that form of substance that,
acted upon by the soul, gathers and at-
tracts unto itself the necessary elements of
material substance to render itself visible
to the material naked eye. The visibility
of substance depends upon the rapidity of
its wave vibrations and the sensations of
light, heat, cold, color and form are all de-
pendent upon the greater or less rapidity
and also direction of these vibratory waves
of motion.

And material substance or matter is
simply substance in motion expressed in
units of form, color, weight, heat and cold,
to the outer or material sight. Matter is
but the coarser form of substance and the
outer clothing worn by the soul and spirit
of nature to render it visible.

One asks us to prove that there is a
spiritual body interior to man. And in
reply we say: How and why does the man
whose leg or arm has been removed
by accident or the surgeon's knife feel the
pain in the missing member? And why
does the man declare, years after the loss
of the member, that he can feel as if the
hand or leg or arm were still there? Sim-
ply because it is the spiritual man who
feels, who thinks and has sensation. The
spiritual arm or leg cannot be and has not
been severed from the body because the
physical member has been, because you
cannot affect the spiritual man by the sur-
geon's knife. The fact of the man com-
plaining of these things mentioned above,
is one of the strongest proofs of the exist-
ence of a spiritual body.

The spirit in its relation to man is but
the finer and invisible counterpart of the
physical, which affords the physical a
chance for visible expression, and through
which the soul or life principle finds its
expression.

These three forms of substance have al-
ways existed side by side in nature, en-
folded one within the other, and thus find-
ing expression in a unity of manifestation.
There is no place in nature where this
trinity is not present, but not always in
combination. There is no material body to
the spirit (so-called) of your departed

friend—not when presented to the clair-
voyant or spiritual sight—but of course,
when necessary to present itself to the
physical sight, the spirit draws from the
physical substance around it the necessary
elements to render it visible and material.
Life is the result of organization, says
the material scientist. That is, matter in
an organized form produces the phenom-
enon of life. On the other hand organiza-
tion is a sequence of life or soul exist-
ence, and individuality is the sequence of
organized life. Thus to us soul, spirit,
matter, are but gradations of one universal
entity which may be denominated sub-
stance will contain both the visible and
invisible, and the finer spiritual qualities
which matter alone cannot reach or com-
prehend.

What is Man?

In "Talks with Edison," George Parsons
Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine, for Feb-
ruary, says: "In addition to being ex-
tremely practical in his thoughts and pro-
cesses, Edison has a rich imagination of a
creating sort. One day he said: What a
great thing it would be if a man could
have all the component atoms of himself
under complete control, detachable and
adjustable at will. For instance," he ex-
plained, "then I could say to one particu-
lar atom—call it atom 4320—"go and be
sent off to become parts of dif-
ferent parts of a rose for a while." All the atoms
ferent minerals, plants and other substan-
ces. Then, if by just pressing a little push-
button, they could come together again they
would bring back their experiences while
they were parts of those different substan-
ces and I should have the benefit of the
knowledge." "Of course," remarks Mr.
Lathrop, "this was only a passing fancy,
an imaginative way of expressing the con-
stant desire which exists in the inventor's
mind for a more intimate knowledge of the
nature of things concerning which he has
already learned so much." Another is "are
we not all of us atoms of God, sent out
through various experiences, here and
there, but still remaining always a portion
of God? I do not believe, that matter is
inert, acted upon by an outside force. To
me it seems that every atom is possessed
by a certain amount of primitive intelli-
gence. Look at the thousand ways in
which atoms of hydrogen combine with
those of other elements, forming the most
diverse substances. Do you mean to say
that they do this without intelligence? Atoms
in harmonious and useful relation—
assume beautiful or interesting shapes and
colors, or give forth a pleasant perfume as
if expressing their satisfaction. In sick-
ness, death, decomposition or fire, the dis-
agreement of the component atoms im-
mediately makes itself felt by bad odors.
Gathered together in certain forms, the
atoms constitute animals of the lower or-
ders. Finally they combine in man, who
represents the total intelligence of all the
atoms."

Written for The Better Way.
SKY SCRAPING.
S. L. MCCRACKEN.

Of what particular difference is it
whether spirit and matter are one or two?
It is a question that no one mind can set-
tle and must ever, so long as we sojourn
here, remain a perplexing one.

Why do Spiritualists do so much sky
scraping? Why is it so many are forever
reaching after the intangible, while the
tangible realities are all about us of suffer-
ing and want?

Why not be devising and putting into
practice methods of reform whereby some
practical work is done, to show to the
world that Spiritualism means more than
just teaching spirit return.

Let us begin to realize that we are
spirits now as much as we ever will be,
and that right here on this mundane
sphere is our beginning to be made in that
work of upbuilding our individual spirits,
by learning how to aid our brother man
in that upward climb of never ending
progress, wherein our all must have a
part.

Let us cease such perpetual test hunting
and try to make better manifestations of
our own personal growth in spiritual en-
lightenment.

Let us rest awhile from trying to solve
the infinite and attend more to the finite.
I would as leave listen to the orthodox
idea of the pearl gates and gold paved
floor of their future heaven as to listen to
some of the twaddle about summerland,
etc. Let everyone ask themselves whether
a perpetual summer would be very pleas-
ant, especially if a very hot one.

Now let us all stop sky scraping and
get down to the bed rock of good common
sense. Let us make it our whole aim to
learn now to live, so we may be an honor
to our cause and the teachings of the wise
ones gone on before.

Colfax, Ia.

The following address was delivered to the
Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritual-
ists at the semi-annual meeting, March 29,
1893, by T. Wilkins, Vice-President:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I know you do not
expect me to deliver a long or very eloquent
address; you simply had anticipated me to
an official capacity, and I hope, personally.
If you have expected more you are doomed
to disappointment.

It has been with no little anxiety that I
have looked forward to this time, lest I
should be so buried in the necessary busi-
ness transactions of life as to be unable to at-
tend this very short session of spiritual en-
joyment; but the gods smile on the good, and
for once, under an act of mistaken identity I
have been so clasped and am here to perform
my duty—and didn't crawl under the can-
vass, either; here to lend my soul's magnetic
force to the occasion; here to shake off dull
care and the shackles of a cold, unfeeling
business life, and be free once more as the
soul without the clay; free from the fetters
that rob me of my soul's freedom; free from
the hook and eye of the popular clock; free
from the button-hole bequests of politics; free
from the compulsory deceit that must en-
shroud the Spiritualists as a general rule, if
he succeeds in business; free to commune
with those who have long been free from all
the trials of this lower life and not be thought
crazy.

No one can more fully realize how we will
miss our president at this meeting
than myself, not only by having to be your
presiding officer in his stead; but having
been delegated to deliver his address to this
assembly of Spiritualists. We must lose the
force of his eloquent delivery, even though
we have every word of his able ad-
dress. Nevertheless, dear brothers and sis-
ters, be assured of one fact, that if I have
to deliver two addresses I appreciate having
one of them written by a smart man. I
know it is expected that the address of our
President terms with suggestions for the fu-
ture of our association, and I cannot use
more economy in language or act more pru-
dently than by allowing all those matters to
come from their proper source.

You have called me away from one of the
finest cities it was ever my good fortune to
be a resident of, and while I have been deeply
engaged in the affairs of life I have also had
my seasons of communion, my soliloquy at home,
with good results and pleasant entertain-
ments with many indications, even proofs
that they who have faded from our mortal
view are only far gone and passed to a
higher life from whence they can return at
will.

My family are greatly interested in spiri-
tual reading, and our home circles are calcu-
lated to develop the highest degree of spiri-
tual and intellectual unfoldment. I mention
this because my family are well known to
many whose faces I see here before me and
who I know will be glad to hear of them.
What do we have to the line of spiritual
reading? We have New Thought, the Pro-
gressive Thinker, Mediumship, by Professor
Loveland; Rays of Light, by Mrs. Little; John
Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, the
Scientific basis of Spiritualism; by Sargent;
The Clock Struck One by Watson; Life of the
Lone One, by our beloved brother, Warren
Chase, and two or three pamphlets by Dr.
Juliet H. Severance. Besides these, I have,
on the other side of the question, Children
in Heaven, The Beautiful Story, The Road to
Heaven and an old family Bible; also numer-
ous biographies of great men, poems by the
most eminent authors, encyclopedias,
World's Wonders, Panoramas, or Nations,
Codes of different States. So, you see, I am
not in a position to be very homesick in my
far northern home, nor could I have been
during the long and frigid winter that has
just passed, with my reportorial work in South
Dakota's first legislative assembly, my real
estate business and the satisfactory knowl-
edge that I entertain of the constant pres-
ence of my spirit friends. With all these to
keep me company, who could feel that life
was all for naught? Who could feel that the
stars were not as bright in Dakota as in
other climes? But my restless soul must find
its work of work; must find its boom of
toil, its share of the future work for kindred
souls who, unconsciously linger in the dark;
who have not the strength of mind to lift the
veil of superstition; whose eyes are sealed
with the adhesive wax of priestcraft and
aristocratic bigotry; whose purse and pulse
must throbb like to the wants of a superior
or live outcast from God, eternally doomed
and damned.

I have listened, within the seven months
last passed, to but few orthodox sermons,
not through any prejudice for their doctrine,
for now-a-days we hear some very liberal ser-
mons from their pulpits; but from weariness
born of the monotony of unchange and
stagnation in their ideas in general. Now
and then a progressive, restless spirit gets in
their ranks and builds a cof fire under their
mildewed principles and renews them a
little, but if he makes it two warm, when he
is gone they take up the smoldering em-
bers and shed a few tears of repentance over
the charred mass, and with a close commu-
nion service drop back into the old rut. But I
did listen to forty-eight prayers in as many
days during the session of the legislature of
our State, by the Episcopal, the Methodist,
the Baptist and the Congregational minis-
ters, and such prayers, it would seem to
me, tend to humiliate than inspire an intelli-
gent body. I watched them pull down the
curtains of their eyes and pray to God to
heal them no farther than those who never
pray; who, if he were half the God they say
he is, would long before South Dakota was
settled have inspired the legislators in favor
of equal rights for woman with her life long
patriot. Had he been the God they make him
out, he would not have starved his children
in one part of that great Commonwealth and
starved plenty in the other. I think I would
have been impartial to his children as you
or I, or other loving parents would.

How is this for a prayer before a body of
honorable legislators, who would be, and
were in part independent thinkers?
"Oh, God, Divine Master, help us, this
morning, to feel our unworthiness in thy
sight; help us to feel the need of thy presence
in our hearts and minds; and our voices in
making society laws for our little part
of thy footstool, which thou, in thy compassion
for us in our helplessness hast seen fit to give
unto us." Bless these, thy servants, the
speakers of the House and reporters and all
our families, and in heaven save us for
Christ's sake, amen!"

Isn't that a pos? How much more boy-
ish might have been those poor wretches
who had been down upon the verge of
night, and whose hair was pulling him
back just then, to have said words for
unworthiness, left out—thy compassion for
us in our helplessness—and substituted there-
for, in merit for our strength and grit. That
about the reporters was greatly in place and
highly appreciated. But that is about the
most I can say to you in a public way
from the numerous orthodox chaplains of
House, and about all the important work
done by that body was the passage of an act
granting to a vote of the people the ques-
tion of some suffrage and drug in law.
They did manage to pass a bill limiting the
State indebtedness to a half million dollars
and a bill appropriating about that much for
the building of a new State capitol for the
next year. No I will not say any special work
of the hand of Providence in the proceedings
of that body aside from the gratuitous prayers
and the self-satisfying points of the reporters.

So much for the author.
Now, my good friends, as to our meeting;
it looks as though we had met here partly
because we could not stand it to be absent
from each other for a whole year, from our
camp time to another; but I am impressed
that this meeting, aside from the flow of soul
and least of reason, is intended to formulate
plans for the coming season of soulful
communion and intellectual unfoldment.

If there is anything that should inspire us
to meet at least twice a year, and especially
to maintain the permanent organization
and permanent camp, is the longed for
truth, the uplifting principles embodied in
the cause we espouse, the facts demonstrated
and only through Spiritualism of immor-
tality and our profound pride in its
advocacy; and that we may have permanent
headquarters—a foundation for our structure;
an abiding whither to rotate; a home for
our ever flowing stream of spiritual philo-
sophy and phenomena.

I am greatly pleased to greet so many
linguistic seekers after truth and any and all
who have so far braved away the prejudice
that we know that is laid against us, as to
permit them to attend our meetings, and
to stand to our feet in a cordial way, and
come and listen to what we have to say; no
doubt will come to you if good does not, in
consequence of your mingling with us, and
I feel sure that our spiritual will be im-
pressed throughout the time of the meeting.
Know that I shall feel large in spirit,
though, perhaps, smaller in purse, purer in
mind and more in a cordial way, waiting to
raise the unholy and let my light shine out
from the dreary world's unknown highway as
beacon light to the shipwrecked souls that
seek to be lost in the darkness of this
dark, dark ocean of despair by having at-
tended the town.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error,
and alter your conduct, when you are
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